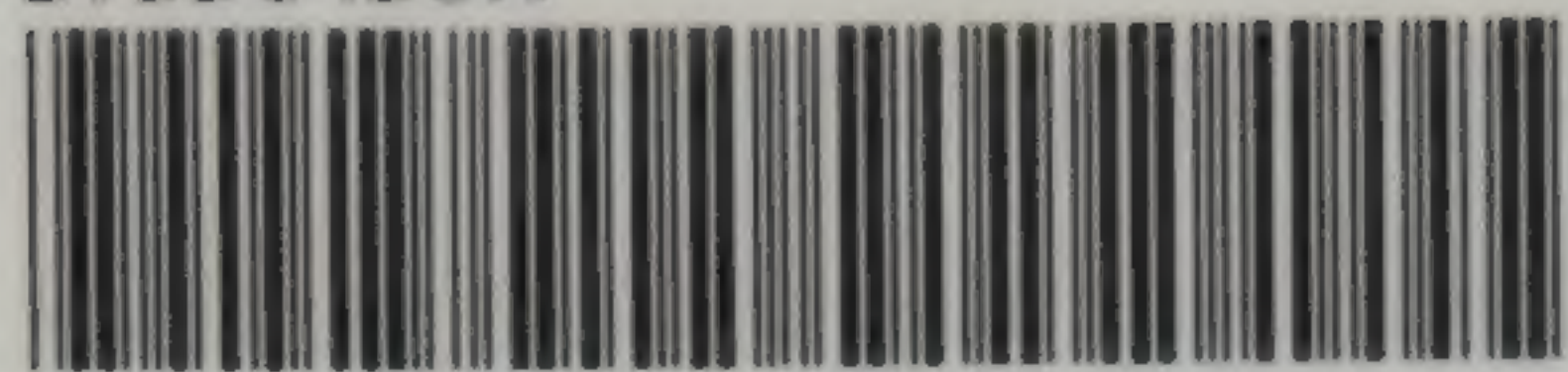


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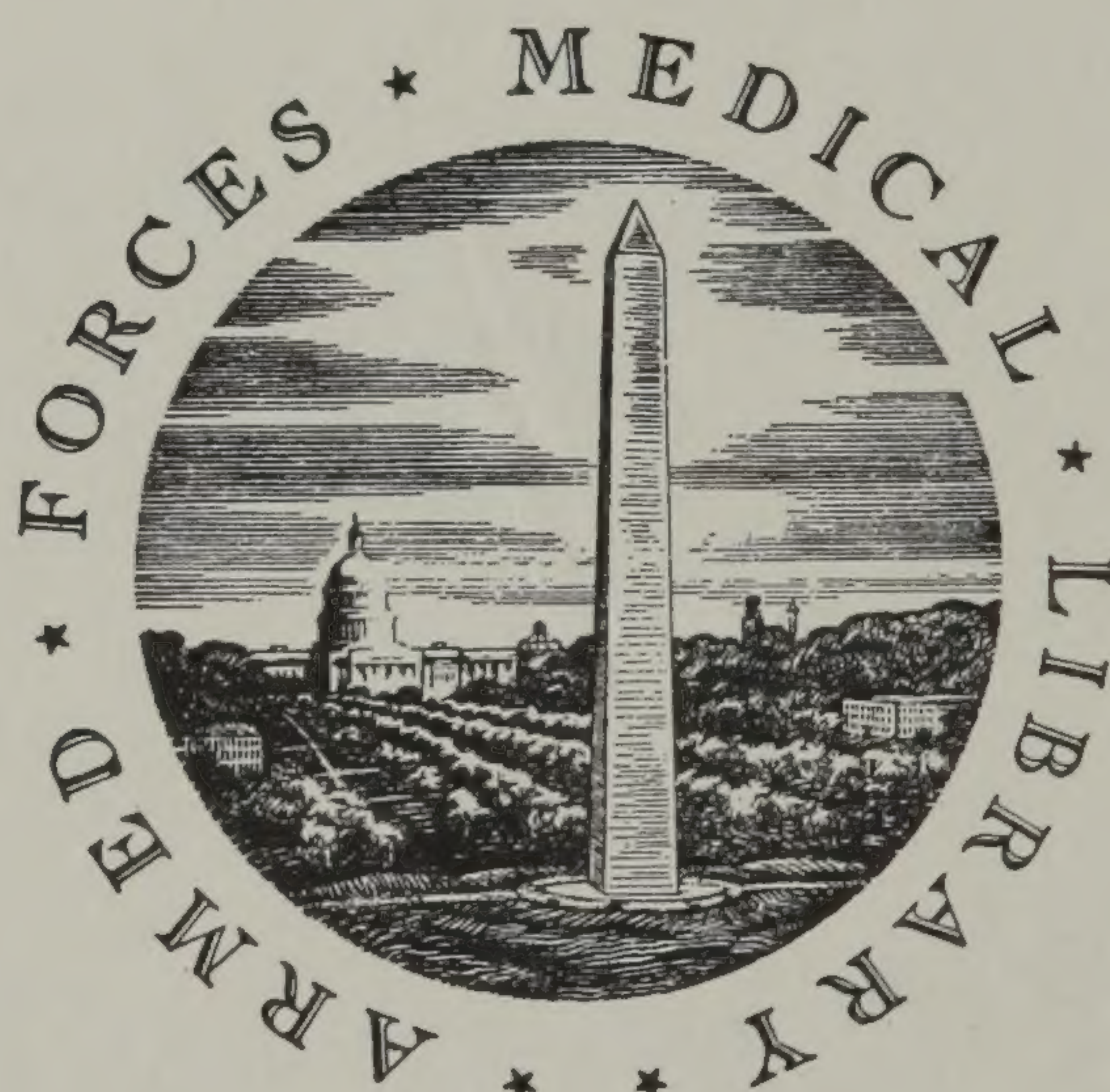
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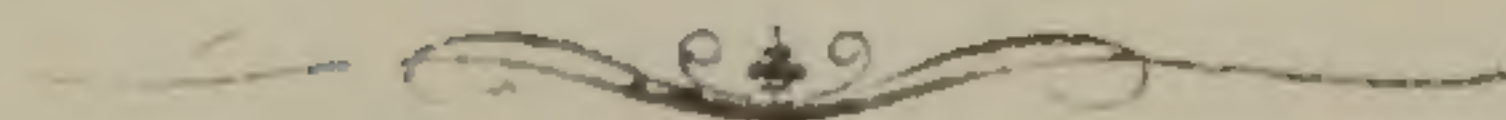
A STORY FOR AMATEUR PHYSICIANS,

AS WELL AS FOR REGULAR PRACTITIONERS.

BY DUFF CHILD.

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It is high time some one was running amuck!



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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—The Graveses.

II.—The Watsons.

III.—More shade than sunshine.

IV.—Office Pupilage.

V.—Similia Similibus Curantur.

VI.—Quid Rides.

VII.—Curatio Contrariorum per Contraria.

VIII.—Mundus Decipiatur.

IX.—Moral symptoms of highly "potentized" globules.

X.—Lucid Intervals.

XI.—"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

XII.—Symptoms.

XIII.—Diagnosis.

XIV.—Some of the results of the Diagnosis.

XV.—About Medical Schools and an interesting Surgical Case.

XVI.—Veracious Diagnosis.

XVII.—Terminus.

EXCUSE.

Of late days very much, of a tart nature, has been said and written by those engaged in Medical teaching, in relation to what shall be the quality, as well as the price, of the education they offer to the student in Medicine; and we, in the midst of this contention over a matter that in no way concerns us, have, like any other mortal, found it impossible to hold our peace; though we mind that we might easily get a broken head as a reward for our interference.

Furthermore, as we are a member of that large class whom we have heard styled by medical teachers, in the cant language of the day, "outsiders," and as any attention we may get—we look for little or none—will probably come from the class to which we belong; therefore have we put what we had to say in such a form as to make it intelligible and, we trust, pleasant to those who, we have *presumed*, will be our readers.

Again, there is that in our story which may render it as unfit for audible reading in the social circle as are many parts of the Holy Bible or the plays of Shakspeare (no irreverence or odious comparisons intended); yet, for all that, the moral we have attempted to convey is, we are confident, beyond reproach.

In conclusion, the reader, especially if he be in the least censorious, will find herein a critic's feast of blunders—some of every kind—all of which, *so far as discovered*, we could easily avoid if we only had the opportunity of a second edition; but as the thing has every appearance of not living to such a span, the notice of its faults, by those who may examine it, would be a work of supererogation.

DUFF CHILD.

DIAGNOSIS.

I.

THE GRAVESES.

"Henry," said Mr. Graves one evening to his second son, "what had you rather do for a living?"

Father and son had been walking together in silence for some minutes and this question came unexpectedly upon Henry, having no connection with what his father had been previously saying, therefore he could not answer immediately. The truth was, Henry had never given the future much thought, and, as for the living, if he could have had his choice he, doubtless, like most boys of his age, would have decided to have naught to do with the matter, but would have left the securing of a support to some one else while he dreamed or otherwise pursued his own inclinations. Not knowing what other reply to make to his father he answered, "I don't know, sir."

"How would you like to be a doctor?" (meaning physician) inquired Mr. Graves.

In a moment it flashed upon Henry how much sport the "boys," his youthful companions, would have at his expense were he to drive through his native villiage of Warlock in a buggy, wearing a grave face like other doctors, a servant at his side and a medicine chest at his feet. Then he thought of the additional amusement it would afford them to ask him queer questions and to spell slowly, with comments, his new tin sign, exposed on the outer wall of his future office. It did not

once occur to him that he would ever come to be regarded or treated as any thing else than a boy. Really alarmed at the vision he had conjured up, he quickly answered, "I would not like that at all, sir!"

"Why?" said Mr. Graves, "you cannot go to school all your life; you must work at something after awhile; you are old enough to begin to think what it shall be."

Henry became thoughtful. He thought that his father spoke rather loosely when he alluded to the little, irregular and indifferent schooling he had received, as going to school all his life; and he was conscious of his unfitness to begin now the study of any thing beyond ordinary school books. He became sad, too, as he thought, for his father's words had made him feel that he must soon take a responsibility upon himself; must begin to think for himself and to bear the grave burthens of life by himself. He felt already how terrible a thing it is to have to depend entirely upon one's self; but he bore the load thrust upon him quietly, and answered, like the dutiful son he was, "If you think it best for me, father, I will try to be a doctor."

Henry had been brought up to implicitly obey his parents and to have no will of his own where it would conflict with theirs; therefore, he knew that his destiny was fixed, so far as man was able to determine it, when he saw that his father's will was to make a physician of him.

"Am I to go to school no more, father?" asked Henry.

"No, I don't think it necessary. You have learned all you are going to learn in the schools about here and I can't afford to send you to college—be waste of time anyhow. No," continued Mr. Graves, "I want you to spend about two years in some sort of business, to learn how money's made, first; then you will still be plenty young enough to begin the study of your profession."

Henry gathered from this that following a profession was not in the way of making money, but Mr. Graves' meaning was that he wished his son to know something of mercantile life or trading, so that he might combine the practice of medicine with other modes of getting a living—a "jack-of-all-trades" idea, quite prevalent in America.

By the time Mr. Graves had finished his remarks the two had reached the front gate of their home, which stood on the outskirts of the scattered town of Warlock. The house was an ugly wooden building of a kind that is frequently seen in the villages or on the plantations of the South. It was two stories in height though very squat, and the second story was so out of proportion to the lower one that it had the appearance of an excrescence or slight upheaval of the roof along the entire length of the main building. The house had been painted white once, years before, probably when first completed. A wide piazza extended the whole length of the building and a single railing around was in the place of a more elaborate baluster. Several large spreading red oaks stood in the yard, which was, in accord with the

owner's taste, naked of grass, walks, or shrubbery of any kind, and looked as if it had been trodden by human feet to its present state of smoothness. Several little negroes were engaged in sweeping forward, with brooms made of switches, a bank of leaves and such other trash as they found in the yard, and were heaping it up preparatory to burning it. This was a Saturday's task for these little ones, and they had about finished it, leaving behind them a white, even surface, marked all over with evidences of their toil in the scratches made by the implements they had used. When they saw Mr. Graves and Henry enter the gate, instead of working away more assiduously they ceased to do anything at all and stood gaping at or saluting their taskmasters.

There was an air of comfort and plenty, but not of elegance, about the Graves' place. Its owner, Padelford Graves, was a man past fifty years of age. He was a thoroughly energetic and self-reliant American of the fourth generation from his English ancestors, who had settled first in the state of Georgia; was a personification of the shrewd country merchant and trader. All he possessed (and he was now in good circumstances) he had accumulated by his own efforts; but his life had been one of many vicissitudes; the boldness of his ventures in trade having more than once brought disaster to his fortunes. A never flagging energy and industry had, however, enabled him to overcome all his difficulties, and past middle life now found him possessed of a respectable fortune consisting of a well stocked plantation and a half interest in a thriving mer-

cantile house of Warlock, which town was a shipping port for cotton and other produce to the main seaport of the state. In early life and before Mr. Graves came to Warlock, he had married the sixth daughter of a presbyterian clergyman, who brought no marriage portion with her, but instead, a tall, handsome person, a warm, brave and devoted heart, and a refined and educated mind; all of which gifts she transmitted to her six children, four girls and two boys, and in a marked degree to her second son, Henry.

Although there were so many daughters in the family, Mr. Graves felt not near the solicitude about their future as he did for that of his two sons. With his usual shrewdness he saw ahead an excellent opening in life for his girls. He was a strong believer in calculations based upon statistics and he had a fondness for making such calculations. In looking over the statistics of population of the comparatively new country in which he lived, he saw at a glance that the number of males, white, exceeded the number of females, white, by one-third. Here was a demonstration in figures showing that there were plenty of husbands in the country; especially for good looking girls who could bring a respectable marriage portion with them. "Figures won't lie" was a favorite saying of his; so the girls were provided for.

Mr. Graves had great faith in another idea of his; namely: that a man was fit for anything he chose to make of himself; all was in the will and little or nothing in the capacity. In the case of his sons he carried the idea a step farther, for he seemed to have

concluded that he could substitute his own will for that of Henry and his elder son, Hugh, and that whatever he willed they should be, that they would be accordingly. Hugh, he had determined to make his successor in all business, and we have already seen what he proposes, after awhile, to do with Henry.

However, in marking out a future for his boys, Mr. Graves had paid some attention to what he conceived to be the natural bent of their mind, and because he had noticed in Henry a fondness for reading, he concluded that a "profession" would suit him best. He reasoned: "Henry must have some calling that will keep him much employed with books." It never occurred to him that it might make a difference to Henry what sort of books he read, so it was reading, he thought, any kind would be attractive to him. But Henry found that it made all the difference in the world, for he never lived to see the day when he would not have preferred Robinson Crusoe, Goldsmith's Essays, Miss Edgworth's Tales or any one of the Waverly series, to the most lucid treatise ever written upon disease. This "bookishness" of Henry's gave Mr. Graves yet another argument in favor of the course he had selected for him; he holding, in common with most men, that such taste, manifested in a youth, totally unfitted the possessor for engaging in either mercantile or agricultural pursuits, and outside of those there was no opening that suited him save the easily acquired professions of Medicine or Law.

As Mrs. Graves preferred "Medicine to Law" on moral grounds, to that Henry was accordingly consigned.

Henry discontinued his attendance at the villiage school, called the Warlock Academy, after the conversation with his Father, given at the opening of the chapter. He spent two years in learning "how money is made," that is, in mercantile life; during which time he went on one occasion all the way to New York city, with his father, for the purpose of seeing something of the world, and to assist in buying a stock of goods for the Warlock store.

This system of education preparatory to beginning the study of a learned profession was, it is true, very faulty; but it must be borne in mind that physicians in the United States of America are not expected, as in other civilized countries, to be distinguished for learning and varied accomplishments. In fact, except in a few communities, a lack of general education and an entire want of refinement is really a recommendation, without which success would be an impossibility. Any one by careful observation can be satisfied that this remark is true of any part of the United States, North, East, West or South. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Graves had made quite a correct estimate of the amount and quality of preliminary education necessary to his son's successful start in life. And Henry daily learned useful lessons. He had already discovered that which few ever find out of themselves, namely: that he was very ignorant. He next learned that life was labor and time precious; he became ambitious of knowing; he read desultorily but eagerly. He observed closely what passed around him. His memory was retentive and held to the smattering of English, Latin and Greek

acquired during school days. He grew from the careless youth into the industrious, careful, thoughtful man.

II.

THE WATSONS.

Thirty years before the time our story begins there came to a city of one of the Southern states, bordering the Gulf of Mexico, a youth from somewhere in New England. His name was Hezekiah Watson and he was then about twenty-two years of age. He had received a common school education at home, and a commercial one in some large city of the middle states, having there spent several years as a clerk in a large banking establishment.

Watson did not come to his new home with the traditional equipment which is mentioned so approvingly in all stories told by New England biographers of Eli Whitney, of cotton gin fame, or of other youths, his countrymen, who have tried their fortune and met with success in the Southern states. He depended not on a "jack-knife and natural shrewdness" for success in life, but trusted rather to a thorough knowledge of the business he intended to follow, together with a pleasing manner and sufficient self respect and courage to enable him to contend with the trials one must always meet with when coming into a strange community.

First a clerk, then, through steady attention to business and strict economy, recommending himself as a suitable person for junior partner, he finally became senior of the new firm—"E. Watson & Co.," successors to "Silver, Wraggs & Silver," "Exchange Brokers."

It is now we make his acquaintance. A hale and erect man of fifty-two years of age; well preserved and somewhat inclined to corpulency. He is still handsome, though much changed from the man of thirty years before. Time and the cares of life had defined his features with sharper outlines, rendering the decided character of their possessor evident to the most careless observer.

At the age of twenty-eight, Mr. Watson had married the daughter of a gentleman named Coulston, an old resident of Magnol—Watson's adopted home—and whose ancestors had been among the early settlers of Maryland, whence some of them had emigrated southward at the close of the "Revolutionary War."

Mr. Percy Coulston, Watson's father-in-law, was the sole remaining offspring of a marriage between Rupert Coulston and Adele Alberte, descended from one of the old French families, who had settled in early times somewhere on the sea-board of Alabama, Mississippi or Louisiana. All the members of both families, save Mr. Coulston and his daughter, Mary, were either now dead, or had moved away from Magnol. At the time of Mr. Watson's marriage, Mr. Percy Coulston was in quite straitened circumstances, owing to his having entirely failed in business, and, with exceptional honesty, relinquished all his possessions to his creditors. Only the old family residence of the "Alberte's," situated several miles in the country, together with two or three old family servants, remained to him, and these he could not legally give up, as they were the inheritance of his daughter from the

maternal grandfather. This place afforded a comfortable home, while Mr. Coulston, in his old age, performed the humble duties of a clerk, in order to procure the means of subsistence for himself and daughter. While thus situated, Watson had formed the acquaintance of the courteous old clerk, who took quite a fancy to the youth, although disliking the section of country from which he came. As the acquaintance grew older, Mr. Coulston could not resist his hospitable instincts; so once, and thereafter quite frequently, he took young Watson out to his home to spend from Saturday until Monday in its pure air and cooling shades. After a few of these visits, Watson began to discover that the full black eyes and pleasant face of Miss Coulston were a source of both pleasure and discomfort to him.

Having studied to fit himself for mingling in the polite society of any part of his country, our exchange broker's clerk was destitute of those provincialisms, both of speech and manner, which usually mark the New Englander, and which are so distasteful to his countrymen farther south. Therefore Miss Coulston was not continually reminded whenever they were together of the "Yankee" origin of her avowed admirer. Besides, Watson was thoroughly identified with her people, and was esteemed a suitable match for any young woman of her city. Finally it came about that Hezekiah Watson married Mary Coulston, and the pair lived decorously together, being in time well knit to each other by partaking of mutual griefs and joys. They had buried children, but there still remained to them a son, Wilbur, and a daught-

er, Loleta; the one a handsome, high-toned youth of eighteen, and the other a promising girl of fourteen summers.

A maiden sister of Mr. Watson's, 'Aunt Eunice,' as the children called her, completed the family circle. Aunt Eunice differed greatly from her brother, both physically and mentally. She lacked his well balanced mind; was fanatical, self conceited, and credulous; and instead of being tall, blue eyed and florid, she was short, though stout, black eyed and of a swarthy complexion. Her speech abounded in New England singularities which greatly amused the children and the servants, as well as the friends and acquaintances of the family, when she first came to live with Mr. Watson—she actually had to abandon altogether the use of the word "chores" on account of the grin it would invariably bring to the countenances of the negro servants. With all her peculiarities, however, she was kind hearted, and finally came to be very well liked in the family; while the friends of the family, though they smiled when they recalled her queer pronunciation and phrases, esteemed her, if not for her own sake, for the sake of her brother, who was now a man of note and influence in Magnol.

The Watson family was at this time as happy a one as could be found in that country or any other; but, like many another happy home, a shadow, as a rising cloud slowly approaching the sun, was drawing nigh and threatened soon to envelop it in deepest gloom.

III.

MORE SHADE THAN SUNSHINE.

At three o'clock on a beautiful October evening, crowds of the children

of Magnol skipped, ran, tumbled or rode homeward from school; those living at short distances were on foot, while those whose homes were in the comfortable and pretty country houses of the suburbs were riding in various styles of one-horse vehicles, after quiet, venerable looking family horses. An ancient and apparently conceited old grey drew a species of cariole, with a motion quite perceptible, along one of the white, smooth, sandy roads peculiar to this country, for the most part an even country, and formerly covered with beautiful, though monotonous pine forests.

"Oh Uncle Ned!" exclaimed Loleta Watson, with as much of a scowl upon her bright face as it was capable of showing, "do make old Grey go faster—we *won't* get home to-night!"

This was addressed to the old negro driver, as near counterpart to the well preserved horse as was possible.

"Hu!" grunted old Ned, "don't you see I done tried, Miss Leta? Mas. Hez'kiah tole me not to drive 'ole Grey' too fas," then tucking his head down and chuckling, "I spec 'ole Grey' heard him, for I see his ole eye shine through de crack when Mas. Hez'kiah said dat."

Loleta laughed at the old man's conceit and said, "Do give him one more lick, Uncle Ned; maybe it will make him go a little faster."

"No use Miss Leta," replied Ned, "ole Grey's hide thick—memory mighty short! Won't hurt him any, and he forgit it in a minnit," (with another chuckle).

Loleta finding driver and horse both incorrigible, restrained her impatience, while the cariole rolled slowly along and finally stopped at a residence. in-

visible from the front, owing to the dense screen of evergreen trees and shrubs that intervened and quite surrounded the building.

This residence, though of large size, was of but one story in height and was divided in the centre by a wide, open hall or passageway looking north and south, which afforded a most delightfully cool lounging place during the summer's heat. The house stood on brick pillars, rising four feet from the ground, and a wing was formed by a single room at the east and west ends, somewhat lower in roof than the main building. One of these rooms was Mr. Watson's "sitting room," a sort of library; the other was appropriated to the use of Aunt Eunice solely. All the windows, front and back, extended quite to the floor, and there were steps to numerous doorways on every aspect of the house; a well arranged one, the reader will see, with regard to ventilation, therefore to comfort, during the hot months of the year. Only by the eastern and western approaches to this place could it be discovered that it was occupied by a house at all, and then it could be discerned only by the gables and the tops of the tall, straight, white chimneys that stood at either end of the building.

Now—in this month of October—was the favorite season of song with that king of all feathered vocalists, the male mocking-bird, and "Old Albert's," as this place was styled in the country around, was a favorite haunt of these birds. Here they were never allowed to be molested; in fact, throughout this region of country, they are protected by the old and spared by the young—even by the youthful sports-

man, who scorns to waste his ammunition upon such game. On the top of one of the tall chimneys, a favorite perch, sat one of the finest specimens of the species; his drab colored breast glancing in the soft sunlight as he turned briskly this way and that, and occasionally fluttered a little way up into the air, then back again, as if falling, all the while pouring forth his varied notes of exquisite melody. Although the faded grass, the mellow, saddening sunshine and the moan of the evening breeze through the melancholy pines, cause a subdued, almost sorrowful feeling, yet the cheerful notes of the gay songster seem in no way incongruous to the scene.

Loleta, having with Uncle Ned's aid, collected her books, which were lying scattered over the seat of the vehicle, passed quickly along a broad, curving walk, made snowy white by a covering of shells, of a kind found in immense deposits (a geological puzzle) on the banks of many southern inlets and streams where they debouch into the Gulf of Mexico. Turning from the broad, semi-circular walk into a narrower one, she sought Aunt Eunice's room, a pleasant and comfortably furnished apartment, forming in itself, as we have before mentioned, a wing to the main building. Coming without ceremony into the presence of her aunt, who was sitting and sewing, she exclaimed,

"Now A'nt, you must keep your promise! You know you said I might see mamma this evening!"

"I *shouldn't* be troublesome if I were you," answered Aunt Eunice in an even tone, without looking up. "You *caunt* see your mother this *afternoon*."

"Now A'nt, you promised!" said Loleta, then, with a mischievous expression of countenance, she added, "Well then, let Polly bring the *new baby* here so I can see him!"

Polly was Mrs. Watson's maid.

"Loleta!" said Aunt Eunice, somewhat sternly, as she looked up from her work, "You are becoming rude—'*new baby*,' where did you learn such an expression? You must *git red* of such."

"That's what Polly calls him," said Loleta in defence.

"You *shouldn't* talk as Polly does. Don't *do-u't* any more."

"I *won't*, A'nt," replied Loleta; "but why," she continued, "won't you let me see mamma and little brother?"

"Because *Awnty caunt*," said Aunt Eunice, quite mildly—"Mother and little brother neither are well this *afternoon*; it would be wrong for you to disturb them. You *don't want that* I *should* let you do anything wrong, do you?"

"No A'nt, I *reckon* I must wait," said Loleta, who was impatient to see her mother because she dearly loved her, and the baby because of the woman's instinct within her. A moment thereafter she was a child again, and jerking her person around in a pettish, spoiled manner, she said, with a slight whine, "I'm so hungry!" and went off, without saying another word, in search of a servant to procure the desired luncheon.

About half an hour afterwards, as Aunt Eunice sat busily working a vine of embroidery on some little garment for her new born nephew, she heard the screams and laughter of the negro children from the back yard. This did not particularly attract her attention,

for it was nothing unusual; but presently a little wooly head was thrust into the door, and with starting eyes, so wide open as to show a white line all around them, it exclaimed, "Miss Eunus, mammy say look at Miss L'eta, ridin straddle on the pony with 'Bet' ahind her!" Aunt Eunice arose hastily and with her work in her hands went to the back entrance of the main building, where she saw Loleta mounted as the little negro had described—a negro girl of near her own age and size behind—on a little black pony, which had been purchased for Wilbur some years previously. The pony had on no saddle, nothing but a bridle, and Loleta was striving to make the plump, lazy little animal take a quicker pace by jerking at the reins, when Aunt Eunice called to her to get down and come to her instantly. The result of this exploit was that Loleta had to sit in Aunt Eunice's room and take a lesson in sewing for the remainder of the evening, behaving in a most exemplary manner, in order to propitiate Aunt Eunice and prevail on her not to tell "Papa" when he came home.

Mrs. Watson, as has been already intimated, was not doing so well as could be wished, this third day after her confinement. She had felt a slight chilliness since mid-day, and she complained that the weight of the light bed covering, even, oppressed her. She was feverish, had a gloomy feeling—foreboding of evil—and seemed anxious for the coming of her husband.

Mr. Watson had not yet returned from his business in the city, which he did habitually after "banking hours;" when he would dine and spend the remainder of the evening at home.

in the society of his family. Aunt Eunice knew that he would be quite punctual to-day, for he liked to be at home as much as possible when Mrs. Watson was unwell, and always seemed uncomfortable and unhappy until she was restored to health again. Yet, Aunt Eunice did not await his coming to-day before sending a messenger for the family physician, Dr. Catling, asking him, as soon as possible, to visit Mrs. Watson.

Mary Coulston Watson was a great favorite with Dr. Catling. He had known her father, (dead fifteen years ago) who had been among the first to employ him in his early professional life. He was the family physician at Old Alberte's by Mrs. Watson's choice; had been with that lady through many periods of trial and had taken part with her in her grief, when death had visited her home. Dr. Catling attended to all calls promptly; but on this occasion he made haste. As he hastens towards Old Alberte's we will be introduced to him. He is a tall, fairly proportioned man, as we could see if he were standing instead of sitting, with well developed and sharply defined features. The eyes are blue-grey and deeply set in the head. The forehead, if his hat was off we could see, is compact and ample; but the head seems smaller than it really is, owing to the breadth of the shoulders upon which it rests. The face wears a cynical expression, usually, and in manner and speech the doctor is commonly brusque. He is honest, warm hearted and frank; is a man of marked ability, and is a superior physician and surgeon.

Dr. Catling had left his patient doing well at half past nine o'clock in the

morning; at four o'clock in the evening he found her with a fever, and with acute pain over that portion of the body known to anatomists as the abdominal region. He found other symptoms also that alarmed him; but neither by word, movement or expression of face did he indicate such feeling.

Aunt Eunice observed him closely and spoke to him hesitatingly. She had never been able to fully comprehend Dr. Catling—she was a little afraid of him; therefore was not particularly fond of meeting him in “consultation.” Dr. Catling, on the contrary, understood Aunt Eunice's character perfectly; for the habit of close observation, acquired by every careful physician enables him soon to correctly estimate any one with whom he comes in contact. He knew at the first meeting that Aunt Eunice was the physician's natural enemy; the doubter, meddler, the self-appointed inquisitor in the sick room. She had ventured once, and only once, to inquire into the composition of one of the doctor's prescriptions; it is supposed with a view of deciding upon its propriety. “It is composed chiefly of ‘*articulo mortis*’” replied he gravely to her question on that occasion. She was puzzled by the answer; she could form no idea at first of his meaning, and she would not display her ignorance by asking an explanation. Then the thought occurred to her that Dr. Catling might be quietly ridiculing her. She was nettled at this idea, but did not then show her resentment; she remained quietly under this medical reign, like many another discontented subject, awaiting the removal of the yoke by fortuitous circumstances.

Before Aunt Eunice had come to live with her brother at Magnol, she had imbibed a new faith in medicine, and had in a great measure abandoned the practice, as she knew it, of the old school of physicians. She had heard a most eloquent sermon from her beloved pastor, Mr. Evermore, just before losing sight of her adored New England village steeple, on a system of medicine styled "Homœopathy." The pastor had used on that memorable occasion, the following language: "When the old system shall have quite vanished from the earth and the new one (Homœopathy) shall be established, then, for the first time will the gospel of the kingdom of grace be preached as Jesus ordered it to be preached and received as God intended it to be received."* Since hearing this sermon, Aunt Eunice had pursued a mixed practice, the result of much experience in sick rooms under the "old regime" and of considerable reading and conversation on the Hahnemannic or Homœopathic method, now some fifty years old in Europe but comparatively new in America. She prescribed not only for herself, but was very fond of giving others the benefit of her knowledge in gratuitous advice and diminutive globules; she particularly liked to medicate those who were already under the treatment of some regular physician, for some chronic ailment. Here, without incurring any responsibility, she could, as she supposed, prove the miraculous power of the *thirtieth dilution* by giving globules containing the one-decillionth of a

grain of *sugar of milk*, or of *common salt* (chloride of sodium) or *sand* (silex), "*potentized*" by the appropriate number of *shakes*.

"Guess you got a pretty sick patient, Doctor?" said Aunt Eunice, as she and Dr. Catling reached the outside of the sick chamber—the doctor's visit being over.

"Yes, right sick," replied he.

"What be the matter with her, Doctor, anything like congestion?" asked Aunt Eunice, looking wisely. She was showing the doctor that she too knew something of the science of medicine.

But the question and the learning displayed by it did not seem to impress the doctor at all; he had probably heard and seen it all frequently before. His countenance wore a sober expression as he answered, evasively, and somewhat wearily, "The disease is not fully developed yet." He was reserving his confidence for some more discreet person.

"Do you think you can save her, Doctor?" again questioned Aunt Eunice.

The doctor's face for an instant manifested some irritation when this unnecessary and highly improper question was asked, yet he controlled his impatience and answered quietly, "I hope she will soon be better."

The two were standing in the main passageway during this conversation. Dr. Catling made his bow to Aunt Eunice and was walking towards the front gate, where his buggy stood, when he met Mr. Watson, who had just reached home.

There was an anxious look in that gentleman's face, for the same messenger that summoned Dr. Catling had

* See sermon preached in the church of St. Augustin, Cheapside, April 9th, 1851, by Rev. Thos. R. Everest. Quoted by Prof. Simpson, in "Homœopathy, its tenets and tendencies."

gone by Mr. Watson's place of business and left word that "Mis. Mary got wus since mornin."

Having greeted the doctor kindly, he quickly inquired, "How's Mary, Doctor?"

"She is very sick," replied the doctor frankly; "but is somewhat more comfortable than she was awhile ago. Walk with me as far as the gate," continued he, making a motion to go forward.

Mr. Watson, with a still more anxious look, obeyed. He felt that the doctor had something of a serious nature to impart.

He said, "Doctor, you are uneasy about Mary?"

"Yes, I am!" was the reply, "I'm afraid she has 'Childbed Fever,' and you know that is a very dangerous and unmanageable disease."

"I do," answered Mr. Watson, "one of my sisters died of it." "Doctor," he added, after a moment's silence, with his face looking on the ground, "had you not better remain with us."

"I would if I could be of any greater service by doing so; but I can do no more now; I will be back again after dark—to-night," replied the doctor.

He then exchanged salutations with Mr. Watson, got into his buggy and drove away.

Mr. Watson returned to the house and sought his wife's room with a saddened and anxious mind, but with an assumed air of cheerfulness--concealing the effect of the counsel the doctor had shared with him—that none but a hopeful and sanative influence might effect his beloved wife's mind.

Mrs. Watson was nursed tenderly by the family, and tended carefully by her

physician. Dr. Catling came and went frequently; he used all the skill a thoughtful, studious, experienced practitioner could command. Finally, the body was dying and the living soul was ready to take its flight. When the doctor declared his skill exhausted, after a fierce contest with the disease of three days duration, he said, "I have done all I can; she will live but a few hours longer." And then took final leave of his patient.

It was now high time for Aunt Eunice to interfere; she had had no opportunity sooner. What she did, though, was from a good motive; and she interfered because it was her nature to do so. She respected Mrs. Watson, almost loved her, and wished her life to be saved if it were possible. She asked her sorrowing brother to let her send for Dr. Klinepille, a popular and prosperous Homœopathist of the city. Dr. Klinepille was sent for; came and carefully examined the dying woman and made a prescription; but said, "I think there is *small probability* of her recovery. *Had I been called sooner, I could have saved her.*"

Various kinds of vehicles were arranging quietly in a line behind the solemn hearse that stood at the front gate of "Old Alberte's." In the open hall or passage of the house stood a bier and upon it a highly finished burial case. Within the case, resting on a spotless white couch, lay the dead matron; her countenance beautiful in death as it had been when lighted by an amiable and loving soul. The pall was decked with flowers of purest white. Sorrowing friends sat silently around. The pale faced minister feelingly spoke of

the uncertainty of life; of the virtues of the dead; gave words of sympathy to the bereaved and pointed to God for comfort and strength. An occasional, half stifled sob came from where Wilbur strove to console poor Loleta. A movement was made to close the coffin; when Wilbur, leading his sister by the hand, came quickly forward and bending over, both kissed the calm, dead face. Mr. Watson looked on in silent agony. The body was borne off by the pall bearers; the mourners and friends followed mechanically and in silence. The hearse with its burthen moved slowly a short distance away. The rumble of wheels and the sharp snap of carriage doors, as they closed on their occupants, were the most audible sounds. The cortege moved away and faded laggingly out of sight—then an oppressive silence and gloom was upon the “Old Alberte place,” that beautiful October afternoon.

A week passed, and Mr. Watson, the minister and the sexton, rode in a carriage, with a small, white coffin, to the cemetery and placed all that was mortal of the little babe by the side of its mother.

Here we take leave of the family until their grief has been softened by four years of time.



IV.

OFFICE PUPILAGE.

On a bright pleasant morning in the early part of a certain November an elderly gentleman stood upon the stone steps to the front entrance of the chief hotel of Magnol. He was of medium height and inclined to stoutness. His countenance was a marked one; the

striking features of which were the broad, square chin, the aquiline nose and the gray eyes, with a hard, unflinching look in them. He was dressed in a suit of reddish cloth of a kind commonly called “Kentucky jean,” and leisurely smoked a most excellent cigar, while he curiously surveyed the passing crowd.

Next this person stood a young man, seemingly about twenty-one years of age, and of a most prepossessing appearance. He was neatly clad in a suit of black, and wore, in accordance with the style of the day, a lofty crowned, black silk hat. He, too, viewed the surroundings with evident interest. It could be seen that he was not on his first visit to a city; yet it was equally plain that he was not familiar with the sights and sounds that now occupied his attention.

The elderly gentleman was Mr. Padelford Graves, on a business visit to Magnol; the other, his son Henry, who had come for the purpose of beginning his medical studies, under the guidance of Dr Catling.

“Well, this beats any place I ever saw for little men!” remarked Mr. Graves, in half soliloquy, as he thumped the ashes from his cigar.

“Yes; and they all look so puny, and nice, like they were kept in handboxes,” returned Henry.

“The result of too much city air, luxury and dissipation—wine, women and late hours make such men.” continued Mr. Graves.

Henry saw that his father was giving him warning advice, in a covert manner, at the beginning of his city career; nevertheless, he made no reply, while his father added: “If you could

see those men with their hats off you would find that they had hardly any hair on their heads; they are prematurely old. But tough, though, *drat their little hides,*" he continued after a short pause—"one of them can stand more hardship than half a dozen country boys put together—the Mexican war proved that.

Here Mr. Graves threw the stump of his cigar upon the sidewalk and seemed to be watching its fate amidst the numerous feet that passed to and fro over it.

"A'n't it almost time to go to Dr. Catling's?" asked Henry breaking silence.

"Let me see—half past eight," said Mr. Graves, deliberately looking at his watch—a very heavy, plain gold one—"Yes, I think we will find him in his office by the time we get there."

Mr. Graves being well acquainted with the geography of the city, his business for years past requiring an annual visit there, started off without a guide, accompanied by his son, for the purpose of visiting Dr. Catling in his office. He had spoken to the doctor a year previously in relation to Henry's becoming his pupil, and the doctor had consented to receive him. Said he to Mr. Graves, on that occasion; "If you are determined to make a doctor of your boy and *want* him to study with me, let him come along. I will do the best I can for him; but you know I have not much time to spend in teaching him; he must do his own studying; if he idles he cheats nobody but himself." This was satisfactory to Mr. Graves, who had not the least idea of what was necessary to the proper instructing of a student in medicine. He seemed to think that it was necessary

only for Henry to stay in a physician's office (it must be in Dr. Catling's office, though) and read, whether intelligent or not, for one year, in order to be fitted for attendance on medical lectures. He apparently expected that by mere contact with Dr. Catling his son would acquire an immensity of knowledge.

After due walking and turning of corners, the two reached the doctor's office, which was situated in the basement of his roomy, but by no means artistically designed residence.

It was a severely plain house, no vestige of ornament appearing at window, doorway or eave. This lack of architectural display was not, however, due to a want of cultivated taste in the owner; but rather to a lack of means for indulging such taste. Dr. Catling, although a popular physician, plying his vocation by day and by night, and earning many thousands of dollars yearly, yet found it next to impossible to secure enough from his always delinquent debtors to supply his needs from day to day. Consequently, when a mansion must be built by so unfortunate a man, the result must needs be; four naked walls, a roof, and a debt for the construction oppressing him for years; instead of one of those elegant and convenient structures, paid for in cash, which we see daily rising on every hand, for the occupancy of some vulgar and obscure trader—a vendor of cigars or patent medicines, or seller of miserable liquor by the glassful, perhaps. Let the youth ambitious of following the respectable calling of a professional man, make a note and ponder here. Let him choose wisely. Money is better than respectability; it secures respectability and

more; it secures worldly honor and power.

Henry and his father waited a few minutes in the anteroom; while the doctor prescribed for and dismissed his last office patient before starting on his morning round of calls. As soon as he was at liberty he came out of the consulting room, and recognizing, at once, one of his visitors, he greeted him in a hearty manner.

"Why, how are you Graves!" exclaimed he, "when did you get in?"

"Last night; hope you are well, Doctor?" replied Mr. Graves, shaking hands with him cordially.

"Oh yes, thank you!" he answered cheerfully; "don't have time to get sick; afraid to; some fool of a doctor would want to give me a dose of medicine, I suppose, if I did." Here the doctor turned an inquiring eye on Henry, when Mr. Graves introduced his son.

"How do you do sir! So you want to lead a dog's life too, do you?" said the doctor, very abruptly; "watch over the lives of other people and get no thanks and small pay for your trouble."

These were not very encouraging words to a beginner—especially to one who had no particular preference for the calling to which he had been consigned; but, as Henry was then unable to appreciate the full force of the doctor's remarks, they made but little impression upon him. He answered merely, "I hope it is not quite as bad as you represent, Doctor."

"Wait and see," rejoined the doctor.

After a brief conference it was settled that Henry would begin his pupilage within the next two days; and, as the visitors knew that Dr. Catling's

time was precious, they made their stay a short one.

A permanent and pleasant home had already been secured for Henry with some of his father's friends in the city; so, when other business was finished, Mr. Graves took affectionate leave of his son and returned to Warlock.

At the appointed time Henry presented himself to Dr. Catling and informed him of his readiness to begin his student labors.

"Ready to begin, are you?" said the doctor, "well," he continued, stepping to a book-case and selecting from it a volume, "you must begin with Anatomy." Opening the book he now held in his hand, he pointed to the introductory chapter, adding; "read this chapter first, then we'll begin with the dry bones, and very dry you'll find them. If you wish to gratify your curiosity and have a look at human bones beforehand, you will find two boxes full in that closet and a complete skeleton standing in this case here." The doctor, as he said this, took a few hurried steps towards a shower-bath-looking arrangement that stood in one corner of the room, and putting aside a curtain, exhibited to Henry's startled gaze a full length human skeleton, standing in all the ugliness of disproportion and grinning in a horrible and characteristic manner.

The doctor dropped the curtain as Henry replied to him, "Thank you Doctor; I have no curiosity to see more of the bones just now; I think I'll prefer the introductory chapter."

Here had the modern physician, unintentionally, gone through a ceremony instituted by his Egyptian prototype, the priest physician, thousands of

years before. He had exhibited the skeleton to the guest (at a feast of reason in this instance) and probably with as great effect as if he had used also the ancient admonition: "Look thou upon this and rejoice; for even like unto this shalt thou be when death has overtaken thee."*

"Well, make yourself at home," said the doctor, who was now drawing on his gloves, and in another moment was away on his morning professional tour, leaving Henry alone, to begin his journey on the dreary road of medical science.

Henry soon found that his preceptor had provided him with sufficient work to keep him employed for many days; and he discovered, furthermore, at the outset, that he was woefully deficient in education preparatory to such study as now engaged him. For instance, the book before him, in the introductory chapter, contained much concerning "*cells*," the beginning of all organic forms of life. Never had Henry heard of such things before, Physiology not being included in the curriculum of the "Warlock Academy," and he having never met with a book on that subject in his desultory course of reading. He must, therefore, be content with the meagre account here given, for the present, which left the subject in much mystery to his mind. Presently, in the same chapter he read of *Proximate Chemical Elements* of the human body, and thence he went on in a more and more bewildered state of mind—Albumen, Fibrine, Caseine, Kreatinine, and dozens of other equally strange names were continually under his eye. He

consulted the medical dictionaries, but found definitions and explanations as difficult to comprehend as the original puzzle. Finally he despaired of ever acquiring, by his unaided efforts, a clear idea of things before him, and he even began to fear that the difficulty might lie in his being more dull than those who, preceding him, had passed through all this victoriously. However, he placed his troubles before his preceptor as soon as he could, which was not until several days had passed, Dr. Catling being unusually busy at this season. When the doctor did find time to talk to his pupil, he told him to skip what he did not understand. Said he, "You will get the most of it when you come to read on physiology. What you need to know of 'Organic Chemistry' (Henry knew not what that was) you must learn when you attend lectures; you can't make anything of it here."

The truth was that Dr. Catling, when he found his pupil so lacking in preliminary education, knowing that he had no time to devote to him, thought seriously for a moment of advising him to give up the idea of studying medicine altogether. Then he concluded, "That's none of my business: I'll do the best I can for him; but he's *got a hard row to hoe*." So, with the above advice, the best he could give under the circumstances, he had to leave poor Henry to stumble on as best he might, giving him a little aid now and then, when he could spare the time.

But the encouragement he held out, that farther reading and subsequent attendance on lectures might lead to light, provided for his disciple future disappointment. Some knowledge of

* Almost historically correct.

Physiology, it is true, he got, and by his own efforts; but as for "Organic Chemistry," the professor, to whose lectures he listened on that branch, spent so much time in delivering rhetorically beautiful discourses, illustrated by attractive experiments, on heat, light, electricity and other non-weighty subjects, that he could, at the end of the session, only touch, in one or two hurried lectures, upon the one part of his subject of any great importance to the physician.

But the crowning trouble with our student after all, was, not so much from what he did not know, as from the discovery of the fact, that what he did know—the little learning he had already acquired—was of a most useless character, with regard to the business now before him. All the teachers who had instructed him in boyhood, and he had usually a different one for each year he attended school, had impressed upon him the great importance of being acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages; consequently, he had been drilled in the reading and parsing of parts of "Cæsar's Commentaries," (knew all about Cæsar's method of building bridges) of Virgil's *Aenid*, (had gone to the d—l many times with Æneas) Sallust's histories and Cicero's orations—in Greek, much the most important language of the two to the medical student, he had committed to memory both the original and translation of several of "Æsop's Fables" and had read a part of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. In his studies of to-day he found no place for applying this lore it had cost him so much labor and time to acquire; here was no history or poetry, very little rhetoric and no elocution;

but instead, any amount of humble etymology and orthography, things which had been most neglected in his teaching. He had not studied the dead languages philologically; consequently, understood neither those nor his mother tongue. "Oh!" mentally exclaimed he, "if there was only some preparatory school of medicine I could attend instead of wasting my time here!"

Had Henry's preceptor not been too busy to aid him, or had he been able to aid himself, yet would he have lacked interest in the work before him and would have felt like abandoning it, for he was no believer in the Demosthenic idea of studying; and, had he been, could never have gone so far with that idea as to have shaved half his head in order to enforce a studious solitude upon himself. In all previous studies he had felt the stimulus of competition with other minds—ambition and pride as well as his tutor had held him accountable for the way he used his time. Here all such spurs to exertion were wanting, and the conviction was forced upon him that the present system of so-called office pupilage was all wrong.

The result was that he put aside for a season, his habit of strict attention to business and became an idler to a greater extent than he had ever been in his life; and, as a further consequence, he looked up congenial spirits who would idle with him. He now began to cultivate his social qualities assiduously. He made frequent visits to two other medical students in the offices of other physicians of the city, and received numerous visits in return. The time spent in these visits was devoted to smoking, singing snatches of songs, in mistreatment of the valuable books

and well preserved "specimens" of their indulgent preceptors, or in idle, profitless argument, carried on, frequently, in a high and excited tone of voice, as is always the case when disputants do not understand the subject of their controversy. Henry was, figuratively speaking, lying on his oars, awaiting the expiration of sufficient time to entitle him to enter that reputed elysium of easily acquired learning, to wit: the Medical School. Several months must be gotten rid of, first, however; so, giving full freedom to his social proclivities, he became a "society man" and a popular beau. True, he still kept up his old habit of desultory reading and his daily attendance at Dr. Catling's office; yet, he was commonly dull from loss of sleep on the preceding night, and was necessarily inattentive to his medical reading.

He was sitting in the office one morning, idly smoking, an open medical book on his lap and his chair tilted back so as to enable his feet to rest comfortably on the desk, used by the doctor's man of business, but who was now out and in hot pursuit of the tardy debtors. He was entirely alone and was mentally going over the occurrences of last evening, when the outer door of the office was suddenly opened and a well dressed young lady of striking appearance came suddenly into the room. She was plainly, though richly clad, and had the air of one belonging to the exclusive class of Magnol. With great precipitation, Henry first placed himself in a more becoming posture and then stood in readiness to answer any questions she might ask; or to show her any appropriate civility. She glanced carelessly at him, but his presence seemed to produce no impression whatever upon her. She was evidently familiar with the arrangement of the apartment; for, without stopping, she passed in far-enough to peep, a little timidly, into the open door of Dr. Catling's consultation room, where he usually sat when in the office. Not seeing him there she turned to Henry and said, "The doctor is not in, I believe."

It seemed to him that there was unsurpassed grace in her manner and sweetness in her tones as she put this half question; and he was ever after conscious of the strange feeling of pleasure that came over him as her large and bright black eyes beamed for a moment upon him.

With a somewhat confused manner, a blush and an involuntary bow, he answered, "No Miss ——," apparently swallowing a surname he did not know.

"I will leave a message for him," she said in the same enchanting manner, and turning to a slate that hung for the purpose upon the wall, she hurriedly wrote something upon it and, with a slight bow, moved as easily and as quickly out of the office as she had come into it.

It is almost needless to add that Henry inspected the slate very closely the moment she was out of sight. He found there, in a neat but bold handwriting, "Compliments of Loleta for Dr. Catling—came home on yesterday."

Henry saw nothing of Dr. Catling until late in the evening and had waited for his coming very impatiently. When the doctor did at last make his appearance he looked weary from his day's work, and, instead of going to his slate as usual, to look at anything that might have been written thereon

during his absence, he took a seat first by the fire and said to his pupil, "Will you please hand me the slate—I am very tired for once."

Henry complied with alacrity. The doctor taking the tablet ran his eye over it, while the student stood at his side and unconsciously scrutinized his face. He saw a pleased expression there for an instant as he read the message we have mentioned. Finishing his examination of the various memoranda, the doctor gave a sigh of relief as he said, "Nothing else just now!" then immediately added, "Well, I hope they (meaning his numerous patrons) will let me sleep some to-night; just in the middle of that storm last night," he said, addressing Henry, who had replaced the slate and taken his seat, "they came for me to go to see Fischer Jones' baby; it had crawled out of bed, *like a derved fool*, and broken its arm." The doctor concluded this remark with a yawn. After indulging, for a few moments, in a laugh at the doctor's quaint fancy, Henry's uppermost thought found utterance.

"Doctor!" he asked, with some hesitation, "please tell me who bears such a pretty name—'Loleta'"

"Oh yes!" replied the doctor, "Miss Loleta Watson; she's just home from a finishing school."

It was now long past the time at which Henry usually left the office—it was after nightfall; so, taking his hat, he bade the doctor good night and went forth into the noisy and brilliantly lighted street where the jostling crowd hurried hither and thither homeward. Here he sauntered along, in everybody's way, while he took a rose-col-

ored retrospect of his rencontre with Miss Watson.

"I'm slightly acquainted with her brother Wilbur," soliloquized he; "didn't know he had a sister—I must cultivate him a little."

It was only when sleep had closed his eyelids that night, that he was freed from the presence of the star eyed, oval faced, classic featured brunette.

V.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

In the year 1755, at Meissen, in Upper Saxony, was born a very remarkable person, named Samuel Christian Frederic Hahnemann; destined to become famous as the founder of the medical sect styled Homœopathists.* Having been carefully educated by his father, he afterwards applied himself to the study of natural philosophy and natural history. Then choosing the profession of medicine as his calling in life, he studied at Leipsic; and, at the age of twenty-four years, took the degree of doctor of physic at Erlangen; on which occasion, we are told, he defended a dissertation, written in Latin, entitled, "*Conspectus Affectum Spasmodicorum.*" He seems to have been both learned and accomplished. Versed in the Greek and Latin tongues, he was also master of various modern languages. He could support himself and provide, beside, the means to enable him to continue his medical studies in Vienna, by translating medical works out of the English into his mother tongue. He practiced medicine for several years, and in three different cities of Germany, in accord with the

* *Homoios*, similar, and *Pathos*, disease.

doctrines of the prevailing school of his day, which he speaks of in his works as the Allopathic, at one time, and at another, as the *new mongrel sect*. But with how great success he practiced, as concerned the well being of either his patients or his purse, we are unable to say. He next turned his attention to Chemistry and to writing on medical subjects.

In 1790, as the account goes, he was engaged in translating from English into German a work on *Materia Medica*, written by the celebrated Edinburgh professor Cullen; and while thus engaged he conceived the idea of his new system of medicine. It thus happened that the idea came to him. With the theory, given by Cullen, of the mode of action of that wonderful medicine, Peruvian Bark, now commonly used in the form of its active principle, *Quinine*, Hahnemann, was dissatisfied; and he determined to experiment with the medicine himself, and upon himself. He carried his determination into effect, and what was the result? It was very wonderful! We are informed that the medicine produced in him, taken at a time when he was in perfect health, an attack of Intermittent Fever, commonly called "Fever and Ague" or "Chills". Here then, was the germ which he nursed to its ultimate development. It had long been known that Peruvian Bark would cure an ague; he demonstrated, at least to his own satisfaction, that the same medicine would cause an ague, or symptoms similar to those of an ague. Consequently, he concluded that a medicine which would cure a disease must be one which was capable of causing that disease or symptoms similar to it. In

other words, that like was cured by like—"Similia Similibus Curantur."

Hence came the plinth stone upon which stands the remarkable Homœopathic column. The *shaft* of the column, to continue the figure, is composed of many pieces—some are freshly hewn stones, while others entering into its formation have a weather-stained appearance, as if once a part of some other structure. The following are the major specimens.

1st. "During health the system is animated by a spiritual, self-moved vital power, which preserves it in harmonious order. [§ 9, page 97, *Organon*, *Hering's translation*, 4th American Edition.]

2nd. "In disease the vital power only is primarily disturbed and expresses its sufferings (internal changes) by abnormal alterations in the sensations and actions of the system." [§ 11, page 97 *Organon*.]

3d. "For the physician the totality of the symptoms alone constitutes the disease." [§ 6, page 94 *Organon*.]

4th. "The totality of the symptoms, this image of the immediate essence of the malady, reflected externally, ought to be the principal or sole object by which the latter could make known the medicine it stands in need of." [§ 7, pages 95 & 96, *Organon*.]

5th. "It is only by means of the spiritual influence of a morbid agent that our spiritual, vital power can be diseased; and in like manner only by the spiritual (dynamic) operation of medicine that health can be restored." [§ 16, page 99, *Organon*.]

6th. "By a mere effort of the mind we could never discover this innate and hidden faculty of medicines—this spirit-

ual virtue." [§ 20, page 101, *Organon*.]

To this shaft, standing erect on its base, let now the *capital* be added and the monument of the great Hahnemann, the Swedenborg of Medicine, is completed; no one could add to or take from it without marring its proportions and destroying its unity and beauty.

1st. "The Homœopathic healing art develops for its purposes the *immaterial* (dynamic) virtues of medicinal substances, and to a degree previously unheard of, by means of a peculiar and hitherto untried process. By this process it is that they become penetrating, operative and remedial, even those that in a natural or crude state betrayed not the least medicinal power upon the human system." [§ 269, page 215, *Organon*.]

2nd. "If two drops of a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and the recent juice of any medicinal plant be diluted with ninety-eight drops of alcohol, in a vial capable of containing one hundred and thirty drops and the whole *twice shaken together*, the medicine becomes exalted in energy to the first development of power, or, as it may be denominated, the first potency.* The process is to be continued through twenty-nine additional vials, each of equal capacity with the first and each containing ninety-nine drops of spirits of wine; so that every successive vial or dilution immediately preceding (which had just been twice shaken) is in turn to be

shaken twice, remembering to number the dilution of each vial upon the cork, as the operation proceeds. These manipulations are to be conducted thus through all the vials from the first up to the thirtieth (30) or decillionth development of power, which is the one in most general use." [§ 270, page 216, *Organon*.]

3d. "All other medicinal substances, excepting sulphur, which of late years has been employed only in the form of tincture, such, for example as the metals, either pure or oxidized, or in the form of sulphurets, and other minerals, Petroleum, Phosphorus, the parts of juices of plants, obtainable only in their dry or inspissated state, animal substances, neutral salts, &c.—one and all were in the first place, exalted in energy by attenuation in the form of powder, (by means of three hours trituration in a mortar) to the millionth degree. Of this, one grain was then dissolved and brought through twenty-seven vials by a process similar to that employed in the case of vegetable juices, up to the thirtieth development of power." [§ 271, page 218, *Organon*.]

The column is finished! Inscribe on its base, "Like is cured by like!" On its shaft, "Life, the vital principle, is immaterial, is spiritual!" "Symptoms of disease are but the signs of the struggle going on between the immaterial cause of life and the immaterial cause of disease!" Lastly, on the capital write, "Medicines that will cure disease must be rendered, by dilutions and shakings, immaterial, dynamic, spiritual!"

* "In order to have a determinate rule for the moderate development of power of the fluid medicines, multiplied experience and observation have lead me to retain two shakes for every vial, in preference to a greater number, which had previously been used, but which developed the energy in too great a degree." See note on page 216, 4th edition of Hering's translation of *Organon*.

A year or so before the time our story begins there came to Magnol, a person, evidently of German birth.

whose name was Klinepille. He took an office and announced himself as a Homœopathic physician. There had been practitioners of this system before in Magnol, but none of them had succeeded sufficiently well in the new practice to encourage them to remain. For several years, now, no Homœopathist had offered his services to this public; therefore, Dr. Klinepille found here an unoccupied field. No one knew anything of his antecedents and he brought no letters of introduction; but, as he spoke excellent English and had a good address, he found no difficulty in making acquaintances and friends amongst a frank, kind and generous people. He claimed to have taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, according to the orthodox school, in a university of his native country; and afterwards to have studied Homœopathy and graduated in one of the schools of the new sect, in an eastern American city. A young gentleman of Magnol, who had spent a winter in a metropolis of one of the middle states, thought he recognized in Dr. Klinepille the nightly performer on the bass viol of the orchestra in a fashionable theatre there. This report however made no impression on Dr. Klinepille's acquaintances. They said, "He is an accomplished man—a knowledge of music and the ability to play well on the violoncello is but evidence of the fact—many celebrated persons, emigrating to America, have been forced to use their accomplishments to sustain themselves until they could see their way clear in the new world." And this was the end of the matter. Dr. Klinepille began to have business. It was soon reported that he had made some remarkable cures; and, as *charlatans never make cures*, he was voted no charlatan. He quickly had a large practice and he had no poor patients; they were all well to do in the world. He was once heard to boast that his debtors always paid when their bills were first presented. He, now, instead of going on foot and carrying in his hand a small sized medicine case, as had once been his custom, rode in a carriage drawn by two horses and driven by a remarkably fine looking, well dressed negro. He was admitted not only to the sick rooms of the wealthy, but to their drawing-rooms in like manner.

The physicians of the old school, practising in Magnol, were very sore about all this. They said it was always thus; the rich were not only easily gulled in medical matters, but were commonly the first to encourage the charlatan.

Dr. Catling condescended to say that Klinepille did not practice Homœopathy; that he depended for success upon nature and big doses of medicine, like *common* physicians. "Homœopathy stands on a firm basis," he would declare, "they hold on to '*Similia Similibus Curantur*,' and give as much physic as they please."

However it had come about, Dr. Klinepille was what they all desired to be—what, in the familiar talk of the day, is styled, "a success." He was now a man of forty-five, though he looked much older, and was unencumbered by a family. Children, he had never had any; and his wife, poor lady, had died in the days of her husband's obscurity when he first came to live in Magnol. Although he now had chances for making an advantageous matrimo-

nial alliance he did not improve his opportunities; seeming not to be a "marrying man." There were some faint whispers to the effect that he was inclined to be somewhat licentious, but nothing positive was ever known of the matter. He seemed never to have abused the confidence placed in him by his patrons, being always irreproachable in his professional relations.

Aunt Eunice had been one of Dr. Klinepille's early friends and by her talking had assisted him no little in gaining his present position. As is not very frequently the case, he was grateful to Aunt Eunice and always showed her any attention he could; came promptly when called by her, attended her carefully in her attacks of nervous headache and listened patiently while she garrulously extolled the new science of medicine, Homœopathy.

VI.

QUID RIDES.

It was a dismal, rainy day in December and Loleta sat looking through the window panes to the eastward and towards the city from Aunt Eunice's sitting room. She sat at this east window for the reason that it commanded, through a rift in the shrubbery and trees surrounding the house, a view of a hillside on the highway where she could get an early glimpse of the vehicle bearing her father and brother homeward at the close of the business of the day.

Mr. Watson, as we have already said, was now a banker in Magnol, and he had brought up Wilbur, at this time a young man of twenty-two, in the same

business, with the view of ultimately making him his successor. It was his intention to remove from "Old Albert's" to the city in a short time, in order that he might start Loleta, also, in life, by giving her an opportunity for making a brilliant debut in a magnificent, new house, which was now completed and well nigh ready for occupation.

Loleta looked, with pleasant anticipations, for the coming of the time that would release her from the quiet life she now led; one which was ill suited to her lively temperament. Furthermore, the restraints of a conventual boarding school, which she had endured for the past two years, had placed her in a frame of mind to fully appreciate, if not to exaggerate, the enjoyments that would accompany the freedom of a young lady's life in the society of the day.

Mr. Watson and Wilbur would be at home by four o'clock, when dinner would be in readiness; but Loleta was watching for them at three. She had begun her lookout thus early because she was weary of reading and of confinement to the house, and could find no other occupation that would in the least divert her.

All day long rain had fallen; but now and then it would cease, would even drip no longer from the boughs of the trees or the eaves of the house; the sky would become lighter and deluded chanticler would give false evidence, by his shrill crow, that the storm was spent. Soon, however, masses of thick clouds would again roll from towards the sea, the heavens would be darkened ominously and such a deluge of rain would speedily fall as can be witnessed nowhere save between or in close prox-

imity to the tropics, during the "wet season."

Loleta looked out upon the dreary prospect beyond, noting the occasional closely buttoned up vehicle and drenched horse that came down or crawled up the muddy hillside in full view, until heartily tired of her monotonous pastime, she turned away and came towards the cheerful wood fire, before which Aunt Eunice sat reading. She took a seat and began to look intently into the fire; then she looked towards the ceiling and around the room; then sighed and yawned slightly.

Aunt Eunice, when Loleta seated herself near her, ceased to read, put her book in her lap and also looked into the fire steadily.

"I do hate a rainy day, don't you, A'nt?" said Loleta, peevishly.

"*Caunt* say I hate one, Lolie; but such days do make me feel *kind-o-bad*."

"Were you reading anything very interesting, A'nt?" asked Loleta.

"Guess *nauthing* that you would think interesting—medical book,"—then looking at the title, she added, "Family Homœopathy," and immediately thereafter began to stare intently at some point above the chimney piece in the vain endeavor to hide her consciousness of having made an impression by this display of a taste for solid reading.

Loleta was silent again for awhile. Presently she said, "An't, I forgot to tell you that I called on Dr. Catling, yesterday."

"I *shouldn't* have gone there if I'd been you," replied Aunt Eunice.

"Why, A'nt?" asked Loleta, in some surprise, for she did not know that

Aunt Eunice was not very partial to the doctor.

"Oh, *nauthing*! I presume its because I don't think much of him, and don't *want you should*," replied Aunt Eunice, with commendable frankness.

"Oh, I'll always love Dr. Catling for mother's sake!" said Loleta, with some sadness in her tone.

"*Guess* if it hadn't been for him your mother'd *ben* here now," rejoined Aunt Eunice.

"Why Aunt!" exclaimed Loleta, pained and surprised, "what makes you say that?"

Aunt Eunice explained by repeating what Dr. Klinepille had said when he visited Mrs. Watson in her last illness; and insinuated that all physicians who did not practice Homœopathy were guilty of a sin of omission which resulted in the death of the sick under their care.

"Oh, I don't believe in Homœopathy a bit, I think it's all a humbug," said Loleta, with some show of indignation and forgetful of the respect due to her Aunt's opinion.

"You know *nauthing* of it!" replied Aunt Eunice shortly, and showing some anger.

"I know their medicine isn't any account," retorted Loleta; "its only a little bread and sugar made into pills—Mrs. Smith's little boy eat a 'whole parcel' of the pills and they didn't hurt him."

"I don't believe it!" said Aunt Eunice very positively.

"Why Aunt! I heard her say that she gave a little box of medicine, like yours up there," Loleta nodded at a small case a few inches in length and breadth, which lay upon the mantel-

piece, "to her little Charlie to play with one day, and while she was out of the room he got some of the vials open and was eating the pills when she came back, and he said 'Mamma, look at 'e little candies I dot.' Mrs. Smith says she was terribly frightened and sent for a physician, but he told her that she need not be alarmed—they would not hurt him; and they didn't, she says."

"*Dun't* believe a word *on't!*" persisted Aunt Eunice.

But Loleta had entire faith in Mrs. Smith's story and determined in her own mind to exhibit that faith; so, without answering, she arose and going to Aunt Eunice's little medicine case, she opened it and took therefrom the first vial that came to hand. The case had been in the family for a long while, for several years, and the contents of some of the vials, when exhausted, had been renewed from time to time by Dr. Klinepille, Aunt Eunice's medical adviser—for she, like any other physician, would call in medical aid when too ill to prescribe for herself.

"What are you going to do with that vial?" asked Aunt Eunice, manifesting great interest.

"Oh, nothing," replied Loleta, carelessly; but a closer scrutiny would have enabled Aunt Eunice to see a very mischievous twinkle in her niece's eye.

Loleta had uncorked the vial and poured from it several globules, each about the size of a pin's head, and before Aunt Eunice could know her purpose she put them into her mouth and swallowed them.

"*Good sakes*, Loleta!" exclaimed Aunt Eunice, rising in much alarm, "What is it you have taken?"

Loleta, laughing, handed to her the cork of the vial which had marked on it "Aconite 30 P."

Aunt Eunice's alarm greatly increased when she saw the label, for she knew that this was a very powerful medicine ordinarily, and this preparation had been fearfully strengthened by the number of dilutions and shakes to which it had been subjected in raising it to the decillionth potency or thirtieth dilution.

She said quickly, "Lolie *you should* take an emetic of mustard and warm water *to once'st* and and *git red* of that medicine—it's poison!"

"No, indeed I *won't*, A'nt!" replied Loleta merrily, "I tell you it wouldn't hurt a kitten."

"But I tell you it will hurt you!" persisted Aunt Eunice, "So, I'll go and bring the emetic;" and she hurried to another part of the house to prepare the mustard and water, in spite of Loleta's efforts to detain and dissuade her.

She had been gone but a little while, when Wilbur Watson came into the room where his sister was—he and his father having reached home a few minutes before. Wilbur still had on his overcoat, which was damp with the rain, and carried his driving gloves in his hand. He has become, since four years ago—when we last saw him—a tall, broad shouldered moustached young man. His face resembles his mother's, being of a Grecian mould, while his form and stature are those of his father. His brilliant eyes are of a deep blue color—in an ordinary light appearing black; and the girls all say he has the prettiest black hair, in the world. He had come in search of Loleta,

having been told by one of the servants that she was with "Mis. Eunus," in her room. He wished to tell her that the carpets and other furniture for the new house had arrived from New York and that all would be in readiness for her to take possession in a few days.

Coming up to Loleta he put his arm affectionately around her and gave her a kiss, as had been his custom whenever they met or parted since the death of their mother.

"What are you about here, all alone? Where is A'nt?" he asked, all in the same breath.

"Oh Brother!" exclaimed Loleta, "I have been plaguing Aunt so about her Homœopathic medicine." She then, laughingly, told him of the occurrence of a few minutes before and where her Aunt had gone.

She had but finished when Aunt Eunice returned, bearing a glass containing a yellowish liquid. You could have seen that she was making an effort to look serious as she caught the amused expression on the faces of her nephew and niece. Going up to Loleta, she said, with as much authority as she could compel into her tone, "Here; you must drink this!"

"No, thank you A'nt; not any." answered Loleta, with mock courtesy.

Aunt Eunice knew not what to do; though, the alarm she had felt at first subsided when she saw that Loleta, twenty minutes or more after taking the medicine, showed no symptoms of illness. It is to be feared she had a slight hope, since she could not prevail on Loleta to take an antidote, that the pills would, at least, make her a little sick in order that she might in future have a more respectful opinion of the

power of infinitesimal globules. Seeing that further insisting would avail nothing Aunt Eunice now placed the vessel containing the mustard and water upon a stand; then rearranged the bottles in the little medicine case, carefully returning the one Loleta had misplaced. She did all this in silence the better to hide her irritation at Loleta's conduct.

Wilbur, however noticed his Aunt's annoyance and to relieve it somewhat he said, "Aunt, I wouldn't mind sister's capers if I were you; even though the medicine she has swallowed produces no visible effect it does not follow that it causes none, or that it would not be useful in the diseases for which it is usually given."

"Certainly not!" answered Aunt Eunice quickly, much relieved by Wilbur's good natured remark; and when Loleta presently said, "A'nt, you must forgive me for misbehaving sometimes—you know I cannot help it," she was quite mollified. Her answer, though, to Loleta did not show her true feeling for she replied, "You *shouldn't* ridicule what you *caunt* understand, Lolie."

Here Wilbur interrupted by beginning his account of the arrival of the furniture, etc. for the new town mansion. He had said but little before Loleta, who stood beside him, took hold of his arm and leaned heavily upon him. Glancing downwards into her face kindly, for he supposed it was only a manifestation of sisterly love, he was continuing what he was saying, when he thought he noticed a great change in his sister's countenance; it was very pale. He was quickly alarmed, and there was cause for it.

"Brother! Aunt!" said Loleta, faintly,—"I have poisoned myself—I feel so strangely—I have a numb and tingling sensation all over me!"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!!" exclaimed Aunt Eunice, assisting Wilbur to support Loleta, who seemed incapable of standing alone.

"Let me lie down, Brother—I am very sick," said Loleta, in an almost inaudible tone.

Wilbur hurriedly lifted her and laid her gently on a lounge near at hand; then he and Aunt Eunice looked at each other in consternation.

"Get a doctor *to once'st*—oh dear! oh dear! cried the old maid, and Wilbur, without saying a word rushed out of the room.

"Jim, get my saddle! Hurry sir!!" cried Wilbur, in a fierce voice, to the hostler, as he came running into the horse lot or stable yard. The negro moved himself with alacrity, for he saw here was an emergency, while Wilbur, seizing a bridle and going quickly into the stable soon reappeared leading a beautiful, fleet looking bay mare. The saddle was on and girthed in a minute, and in another instant, Wilbur had mounted. Righting himself in the saddle, the man and horse presented a model from which a Greek artist might easily have imagined the fabulous Centaur. Leaning his body a little forward and touching the mare's flank with his heel, Wilbur dashed, at a furious gallop, through the gate, swung wide open by Jim, and was quickly out of sight on the highway.

"Dat mar. and Mars. Wilbur's lightning," said Jim, as he watched his master out of sight. "Wonder what's de

matter at de house now!" he added, as he closed the gate and turned towards the main building.

Soon thereafter he, too, was riding in much haste, under orders from Aunt Eunice to fetch Dr. Klinepille as soon as possible.

Who, now, will dare to sneer at the impotence of Homœopathic globules!

VII.

CURATIO

CONTRARIORUM PER CONTRARIA.

The time of harvest had come and passed. The crops of the staple productions of the country had been good in almost all sections. The planters or farmers, both large and small, now stood in need of the services of the merchant class. They needed them to dispose of, to the best advantage, their bales of cotton, hogsheads of sugar or tierces of rice, as the case might be, and return in their stead such necessary articles as could not be produced at home. The capitalist, the factor, the wholesale grocer and dry goods merchant, with a number of others were in demand. Therefore, two months ago, in anticipation of this busy season, there had been a great influx of absentees to Magnol, and chiefly of the wealthy class, who hastened to look after their various interests; coming from the watering places, far and near; from tours to distant parts of the United States; from Canada and from Europe.

In spite of the falling rain of to-day, drays and wagons, empty and laden with all kinds of goods and produce, some with their burthens sheltered by canvas coverings, went hither and thither through the sloppy streets.

Pedestrians, with pantaloons turned up at bottom, protected by umbrellas and water-proof coats, jostled each other as they hurried, with "bank books" or bundles of papers, from one portion of the city to the other. The state of the elements did not seem in the least to interfere with the movements of the men, though the women were kept close within doors, not one being visible anywhere in the streets.

Notwithstanding the city was unusually healthy, Dr. Catling, as well as his merchant neighbor, was pressed with business. He was not only an active and useful physician, but he had the knack of performing, skilfully, surgical operations and had acquired a reputation, wide-spread through this section of country, in that branch of his calling. Many came from a distance to consult him and to profit by his surgical skill; and, as this was the favorable and favorite season for visiting Magnol, he had many such patients on his hands at this time. He had fixed upon the morning of to-day as the time when he would perform an operation upon a patient with a diseased eye; but the day had proved too dark for his purpose and the operation was postponed. At mid-day he spoke to Henry asking him to be in readiness at 3½ o'clock, P. M., to assist him in the removal of a tumor, of some kind, from another country patient.

To assist the doctor had become a frequent duty with Henry of late days; and everything being in readiness at the appointed hour, the two drove away on their bloody errand.

"I hope we will not have as much hemorrhage in this case as we had in the last one of tumor," remarked the

doctor—he used the first person plural because he was habituated to be polite, because he was naturally modest, and because he could bear to ignore self to this extent out of courtesy to his assistant in any operation.

"I hope not, sir. I began to think that man would bleed to death," replied Henry.

"Looked squally for awhile," rejoined the doctor, unconsciously using the nautical simile.

Both were silent for a moment, when the doctor added, "His rapid recovery shows that loss of blood does not permanently injure a man, as many nowadays contend that it does."

"No sir," assented Henry, but without considering his answer or knowing exactly what he meant by it.

"I believe you have not read any work on practice of medicine yet?" said the doctor, inquiringly.

"No sir; not yet," replied Henry, quickly, feeling somewhat gratified that he had not; otherwise he might have been asked some question he would not have been able readily to answer.

"Well, when you do come to read in that branch," said the doctor, "you will find much said about the propriety of bloodletting as a remedy in various diseases. You will find also, that there is a great difference of opinion on the subject—some for, and others against drawing blood—one authority declaring it to be a good remedy; another, that it is injurious under all circumstances. I have called your attention to the fact that our 'tumor patient' lost a great deal of blood, yet did not seem much, if any, the worse for it, which shows, I think, that loss of blood does

not, at least in all cases, permanently injure. I have seen very many such cases in my life."

"You believe in bleeding as a remedy then, Doctor?" said Henry, in a tone of interrogation.

"Yes, in many cases," replied Dr. Catling, and seeing that his pupil showed some interest in what they were speaking of, he took advantage of the opportunity to give him further information and spoke on in quite a didactic manner. "Twenty-five or thirty years ago," said he, "it was the practice of the mass of the profession to bleed for everything, now they seem disposed to abandon the remedy altogether. Neither is the right course to follow; but the truth lies between the two extremes. We could not get on in the treatment of disease, nowadays, without bleeding oftener, if it was not that we have so many remedies to take its place. But it's a better remedy than any other, at times, I know from experience. It was once believed that in 'Inflammation,' that condition in which bleeding was commonly used, there was excess of *fibrine* in the blood; and, as drawing blood relieved inflammation, it was asserted that bloodletting diminished the *fibrine* and thus cured inflammatory disease. Now they contradict all that. I don't pay any attention to their theories. The way bleeding has held its position as a remedy amongst physicians for over two thousand years is the best evidence possible in its favor. It has been more nearly abandoned in past times than at present. As you are a student of medicine it would be worth your while, some day, to look over the history of 'Phlebotomy,' as it is styled. In fact, you ought to learn

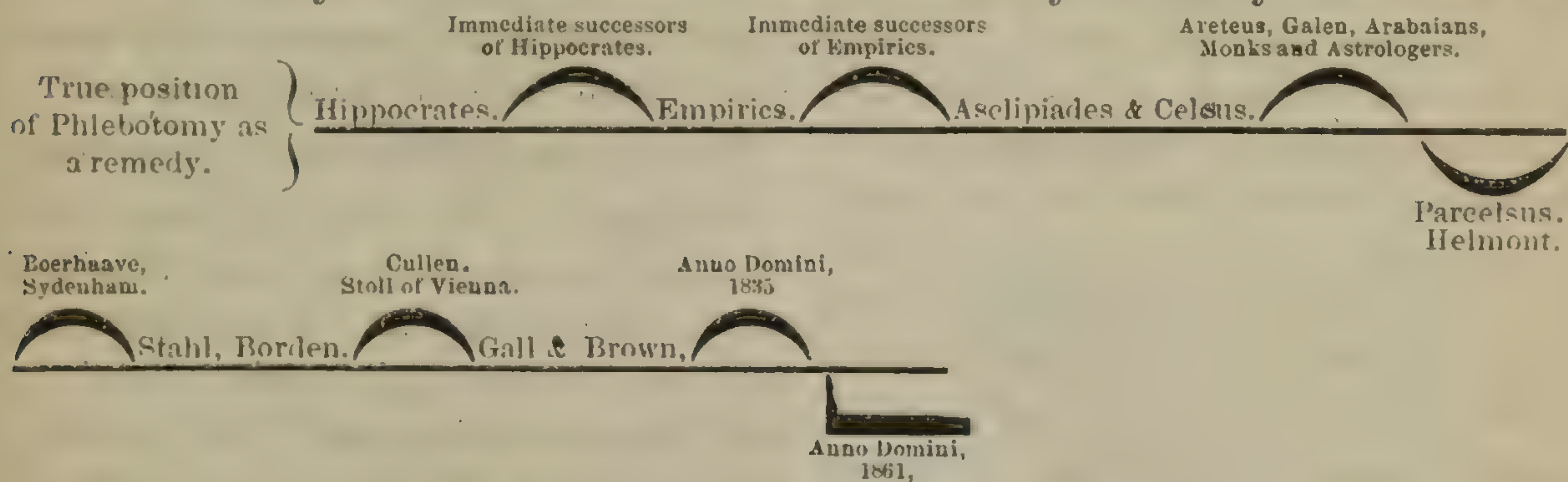
all you can of the history of our art and its remedies."

Here the doctor paused for a moment, but as Henry did not put any questions and had seemed to listen attentively, he continued to speak. Henry, however, would, no doubt, like the reader, have skipped this lecture had he found it incorporated with a story; but there was no escape for him while sitting in the same vehicle with the doctor; so he acted very sensibly, we think, by trying to gather all the information he could from his preceptor's talk.

"As I just said," resumed Dr. Catling, "you ought to read all you can of the history of our art and its remedies. Both a want of proper general education amongst physicians, and entire ignorance of the history of medicines and remedies, leads to blind following of unreliable authority; to abuses of various kinds, and, lastly, opens the door to all manner of charlatanism. The experience of the past is valueless to unlearned physicians, who are continually repeating mistakes that they would have been warned against if they had read back far enough to see where their mistakes were first committed by others. The history of 'Phlebotomy,' of which we were just now speaking, is an illustrative instance."

The doctor ceased speaking at this point; handed the reins to Henry, drew from his coat pocket a pencil and a small book, from which he took a strip of paper and began to write thereon. As he wrote he would now and then pause and seem to be trying to call to mind something. Presently he held the slip of paper before his companion, with an irregularly curved or waving

line drawn upon it, and names written above and below the line. We will reproduce it as nearly as possible for the reader's scrutiny.



"I show you here," he said, "how the practice of bleeding has gone up and down in popularity for the past two thousand years, though never once entirely abandoned. Now, following unreliable authority and ignorance of the history of the remedy has, in my opinion, led to this contradictory result. Hippocrates, you see, began a middle course, and he was right. I believe the next to the present generation of physicians will give up the remedy altogether; and if they do, and I could live thirty or forty years after them, I know I'd find some fellow writing of bleeding as a *new remedy*, or as one which had never been sufficiently tried."

Henry followed with his eye the doctor's pencil point as it rested for a moment, during the explanation, upon each of the names written above and below the waved line; and he marvelled at the memory that could retain and so readily call up and arrange chronologically this long list of authorities. He lived to know that whatever knowledge a physician has must be at ready command for emergencies—that he is ever dealing with emergencies, and has no time for preparation, for reading up his

case, when the time for action is at hand.

Dr. Catling now resumed the reins, while Henry carefully examined the

diagram that had just been explained to him. By this time they had reached a broad, handsomely improved way that led towards the western limits of the city, when they noticed a horseman, approaching them, riding at a most headlong gate. As he neared them he waved his hand as if to attract their attention and in a moment more they could see that the rider was Wilbur Watson.

He quite passed the doctor's carriage before he could check his excited steed. When he had succeeded in doing this, amidst a great splashing of mud, he quickly wheeled and was soon beside the buggy. With wildness of manner and without taking time to return the doctor's greeting, he said, "Doctor, will you hurry to our house immediately?"

"Yes; but what's the matter?" returned the doctor.

"Sister has accidentally poisoned herself!" answered Wilbur.

"Humph!" exclaimed Dr. Catling, and he began vigorously to thrash his very lazy horse with what he styled a whip—but which was, in reality, only the staff, much frayed at the end, of that, to him, indispensable implement.

The very fat and quiet old animal seemed to know his master was in a state of mind to be very unreasonable; therefore that he, the horse, had better mind what he was about. Acting on this conclusion, he broke first into a clumsy gallop and then subsided into the fleetest trot of which he was capable; though, with all his efforts, he could not escape an occasional shower of whacks, well laid on by the aroused doctor. Wilbur, although burning with impatience to reach his home, yet knew that he could accomplish no good by going in advance; so, he kept pace with the buggy while Dr. Catling, between his efforts to keep his horse at his best speed, managed to draw from the young man what he knew of the accident to his sister.

They were soon at the Alberte place. Old Ned, with several little negroes around him, stood in waiting for his young master's return, to be in readiness to take charge of his horse. Wilbur threw his rein to the old servant and joined the doctor who had descended hastily from the buggy; and as they were hurrying away towards the house, leaving Henry behind, it occurred to the latter that he was a very unimportant personage in the scene of which he was a part—a sort of “walking gentleman” in the play. Especially did this affect him disagreeably as the affair in hand was connected with a person in whom he had come of late, to feel a lively interest. He was relieved, however, from his uncomfortable position through that sense of propriety which never deserts gentlemen under the most trying circumstances. Simultaneously the omission of a courtesy seemed to strike both the

doctor and Wilbur and, as if recollecting some valuable package that had been forgotten and so left in the vehicle, they turned back to him saying hastily and in an earnestly kind manner, “Come into the house with us.”

Henry complied without loss of time.

Reaching the hall, Wilbur said “Doctor, please go on to Aunt Eunice's room!” Then turning to a frightened looking servant girl, who stood in readiness to receive and obey orders, he said, “Show Mr. Graves into Father's sitting room,” and hurriedly adding to Henry, “I will return as soon as I can,” he hastened after Dr. Catling, who being thoroughly acquainted with the arrangement of the house, had by this time entered, without ceremony, the room to which he had been directed.

Here he was at once in the midst of one of those scenes of confusion which always attend supposed serious accidents in families, and with which physicians are so familiar. Servants stood stupefied, or rushed frantically here and there, voluntarily, or in obedience to Aunt Eunice's commands, bringing the various appliances of the household “*materia medica*,” such as mustard, spirits of camphor, hartshorn, linen cloths for spreading mustard plasters, vessels of lukewarm water, that were ordered to be hot, &c., &c., all of which articles had been suggested, or asked for some time before.

Aunt Eunice had already administered an emetic and was now busily spreading a paste of mustard on pieces of linen, intending to apply the plasters thus made, although she did not know, or pause to think, upon what

principle she was using them.* She would be doing something for Loleta, and was, for the time being, entirely forgetful of both Homœopathic principles or preferences.

The doctor stepped hastily to the side of the lounge on which Loleta lay and putting his finger tips on her wrist, carefully noted the state of her pulse; then he anxiously glanced at the chest to see the manner of her breathing.

"Doctor, please do something quickly!" said Mr. Watson, who was hanging, panic stricken, over his daughter.

"Yes," calmly replied Dr. Catling, "but one must first find out what is best to be done—what was it she took; does any one know?" he asked in the next breath.

At this Aunt Eunice ceased to work at the mustard plasters and came forward, but with some reluctance. She had much rather not speak to the doctor at all, if it could be agreeably avoided; yet, she readily answered, "She took three or four pills from this vial—Aconite of the thirtieth potency, as they call it"—as she said this, she reached to the little medicine case, took out the designated vessel and handed it to Dr. Catling.

The doctor seemed to pay no particular attention to the latter part of Aunt Eunice's answer. He immediately began to inquire about the first symptoms Loleta had shown after taking the medicine; this, to satisfy himself that the poison swallowed was really that marked on the cork of the vial. Having

ing determined this point affirmatively, he said, "Put on the mustard plasters—bring me some brandy, please!" Then seating himself beside the patient he gently lifted first one of her eyelids and then the other and looked searchingly into the eyes that he might learn "the state of the pupil," as physicians say.

There was a movement of Loleta's lips, as he did this, as though she would speak and the countenance assumed a more life-like appearance.

Said the doctor to Mr. Watson, "I think she is already better and will soon entirely recover."

"Thank God for it!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, most fervently.

Wilbur, who stood watching Dr. Catling, also gave an exclamation of joy and relief.

Taking a teaspoonful of the diluted brandy, which was now handed to him, the doctor pressed open the lips of the poisoned girl and, passing the spoon far back into the throat, he emptied its contents. For a second or two she made no movement, then a spasmodic gulp and a slight swelling of the throat showed that the liquid was swallowed. Another and another spoonful was administered at short intervals. Those around her watched eagerly. Presently she drew a deep, long breath, like a sigh, and then partially opened her eyes. Finally she spoke.

"I have known what you were all doing around me for some time," she said faintly, and after a short pause added, "I have felt as I often do in dreams—as if I were trying to run away from some threatened danger, or to cry for help and yet was unable to do either."

* Life may usually be saved by a timely and thorough evacuation of the stomach, and the use of stimulant remedies internally and externally: and it is wonderful how rapidly the patient passes from a state of imminent danger to perfect health.—*U. S. Dispensatory*.

After this she lay apparently unconscious for a little while; but the powers of life asserted themselves more and more perceptibly, and within half an hour after the doctor's arrival rest alone seemed necessary to her entire recovery.

"A lucky escape," said Dr. Catling, rising from his seat by the side of his patient; and, taking up the little vial containing the poisonous globules from the mantel where he had laid it, he said to Aunt Eunice, "May I have this, Madam?"

"Certainly," replied she; and the doctor put the vial into his pocket.

Dr. Catling was just taking his leave of the family, had almost reached the door of the room, when Dr. Klinepille, was shown in by a servant. Aunt Eunice went quickly forward and spoke cordially to him, and as Dr. Catling was making his way past Dr. Klinepille, evidently intending not to notice him, she said, with unaffected surprise, "Why, I *guessed* you were acquainted with Dr. Klinepille—allow me to introduce——." She stopped short in her remark, silenced by Dr. Catling's manner, who bowed stiffly, without extending his hand to the Homœopathist, then to Aunt Eunice, and said, frigidly, "Good evening Madam!" as he hurried out of the room.

Aunt Eunice had affronted him by putting him on a footing with this man—he was accordingly very indignant, and when thus would make amusingly testy remarks. "None of your infernal *newspaper equality* among doctors, for me," he muttered to himself.

He passed from the house and the grounds, stepped quickly into his buggy and drove off in dudgeon, never

once thinking of Henry, who was comfortably sitting in Mr. Watson's room, reading some of Tom Moore's best love poems; but too disturbed in mind to be able to enjoy them, from thinking of the state of affairs in a different part of the house.

Wilbur had followed Dr. Catling, but failing to overtake him, turned in to the sitting room where Henry was.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I had to leave you alone so long, but we were so uneasy about sister.

"Oh, I got along very well indeed, thank you!" replied Henry, almost interrupting him—"How is Miss Watson?" he inquired with respectful solicitude.

"She is safe—quite recovered," answered Wilbur. "By the by," he continued, with a smile, "Dr. Catling has gone off highly provoked, I fear—he's forgotten all about you."

"Why! What has happened?" asked Henry, anxiously.

"I suppose he did not like that Dr. Klinepille's being called in to see sister—then, you know, doctors are very easily offended, any way." Wilbur said this jestingly.

"The doctor thinks Dr. Klinepille is a great quack," said Henry, very seriously.

"Oh, so do I!" returned Wilbur; "but Aunt will send for him whenever she can. Either father or myself will see the doctor to-morrow and explain Dr. Klinepille's presence here."

Henry had risen, preparatory to taking his leave, during the conversation, not, however, knowing of any other means of getting away from "Old Albert's" except by walking.

"Oh you must dine with me!" urged Wilbur, when he understood Henry's movements.

"That would give me great pleasure," he answered, "but Dr. Catling will need my assistance in an operation he was on his way to perform when you met us—the house to which we were going is near here."

"Then take my horse; you'll find her out in front," said Wilbur pointing towards the road, "you can leave her at Colgin's stable, when you get through with her. I hope," he added, "we will see more of you when we get to town."

Henry thanked his hospitably inclined acquaintance and took his leave. As he rode off in search of Dr. Catling he felt that the gloomy, rainy day had proved a very bright one in his life.

A few weeks later, and Henry was viewing his faultless toilet in the immense mirror of a small but elegant reception room. He glanced at his neat and small hand, incased in a straw colored kid glove; gently adjusted the lapels of his faultless black coat, and passed his eye down over his white silk vest, then to his black, glossy and tightly fitting pantaloons; ending his scrutiny with the feet, clad in a small and beautifully fitting shoe.

He expected, within a few minutes, to be in the presence of Miss Loleta Watson, who made her debut at her father's new mansion to-night.

VIII.

MUNDUS DECIPIATUR.

We must now go back in time a little beyond the conclusion of the last chapter.

Mr. Watson still kept his position by the lounge and conversed with Loleta; who, as we have already stated, was now quite restored—indeed he had turned from her only a moment, and then merely to thank Dr. Catling and bid him good evening, since he had come in answer to a hasty summons half an hour ago.

Soon after Dr. Catling had left the room, in the manner we have described, Dr. Klinepille, accompanied by Aunt Eunice, approached Loleta's side. He had been very slightly affected by the reception he had met with from Dr. Catling—had preserved his equilibrium admirably. Dr. Catling, no doubt, would have styled his conduct, under the circumstances, as supremely impudent. Aunt Eunice had just finished telling him how the accident had occurred. Saluting Mr. Watson blandly and taking Loleta's hand Dr. Klinepille said softly, "I regret this accident very much, Miss Watson, and rejoice at your escape; but this should prove a useful warning to those who would believe silly stories about Homœopathic medicines."

Loleta withdrew her hand, almost with a jerk, as Dr. Klinepille finished his remark, and replied, a little crossly, "I cannot understand why the pills made me sick; I yet believe what Mrs. Smith told me." She then averted her face.

Mr. Watson looked as if he were on the point of apologizing for Loleta's rudeness, and Aunt Eunice seemed much disturbed. "You haven't faith enough in the story to try your prank over again!" she said quickly.

But Dr. Klinepille did not seem in the least ruffled; he replied, in a smooth

tone and with a smile, "I count you as one of our converts from this time forward."

Loleta returned no answer but lay with unmoved countenance and eyes partially closed.

"Aconite is a very powerful medicine, is it not, Doctor?" inquired Mr. Watson, breaking the silence.

"Very powerful at all times," he replied, "and much augmented in strength by the *manner in which we prepare it.*"

Now Dr. Klinepille had never had so good an opportunity before for explaining Homœopathy to Mr. Watson, that gentleman having never been his patient or in any way in his power; therefore he was anxious for, and invited, further inquiry by holding his tongue just where he did.

"How do you prepare it?" was the most natural question Mr. Watson could have asked.

"Well, I do not know that I can explain very satisfactorily," said the doctor, "but I will try. First," he continued, placing his eye firmly upon Mr. Watson, "we take a strong tincture of the root of the plant *Aconitum Napellus*, and we add two drops of that tincture to ninety-eight of alcohol, in a vial that will hold one hundred and thirty drops; *we then shake that vial twice.* This brings the medicine to the first development of power—we call it first potency. We then continue this process through twenty-nine additional vials of same capacity as that first used; which brings the medicine to that fearful degree of power, the thirtieth potency."*

"It seems to me, Doctor, that would weaken, instead of strengthening it," said Mr. Watson.

"Ah! Miss Loleta Watson does not think so, I warrant," replied the doctor with a triumphant manner.

Loleta did not open her eyes, or in any way notice this remark, and, to prevent further interruption, Dr. Klinepille continued. "The fact that they are not weakened," said he, "is a very wonderful one, developed by our system and by our experiments with drugs. It is due to the extremely minute division of our medicines. Now when medicines are attenuated, as they are by our dilutions and agitations, they become possessed of properties comparable to heat, light or electricity; a before hidden and sleeping power becomes manifest by this process, and such medicines will, in this subtle form, penetrate to the most secret parts of the body and there spend their force. This explains why Miss Watson came so near dying from a few pills of trifling size."

Mr. Watson did not see all this very clearly; yet,—having read works of popularized science, treating of the phenomena of the imponderables, heat, light and electricity,—he thought he was competent to, and did understand the doctor's explanation perfectly, and that it made matters very clear. He did not once think to question the assertion that the Homœopathic method could develop in medicines a similar imponderable power.

Dr. Klinepille, finding the present an exceptional occasion for explaining his darling system to some extent, continued to talk; while Aunt Eunice listened with a pleased expression of face,

* See Hahnemann's Organon, §270.

due to the fact that the doctor was evidently entertaining as well as enlightening her brother, and not that she comprehended the convincing power of what was being said.

"Another peculiarity of our medicines," said the doctor, "is that they cause moral as well as physical symptoms. Now Aconite, such as Miss Watson took, causes in those under its influence, even in a low potency, an irresistible desire to *blaspheme and swear*, and a sensation as if the mind was separated from the body.* Though what may be the moral symptoms shown in Miss Watson, after so terrible a dose as she has taken, I am entirely unable to say; I feel certain, however, they will be of so strongly marked a character as to be recognized by even a careless observer."

When the doctor said this both Mr. Watson and his sister looked apprehensive, while Loleta partly opened her eyes and looked askance at the medical man. Dr. Klinepille, though, saw the faces of his two elder hearers only, whom he regarded as his audience, and before any one could interrupt him he continued "Do not fear that anything of a serious nature will arise from Miss Watson's accident—the effect will be traceable, possibly, only in some change of disposition or demeanor, for some time to come, such as you might reasonably expect from the known properties of Aconite prepared as this was, even if taken in far less quantity."

"Shall we do anything to prevent the result you speak of?" asked Mr. Watson, breaking into the doctor's discourse.

"Oh no, I think she will come through it all without treatment;" and Dr. Klinepille, highly gratified with the result of his visit, with easy politeness, now took his leave.

Mr. Watson being relieved of all anxiety on Loleta's account quickly discovered that he wanted his dinner; so, kissing his daughter, he went in search of the wished for meal. Aunt Eunice soon followed, holding in her mind the determination to watch for the *moral* manifestations of that Aconite; while Loleta was left to her own thoughts with no other company than her maid, Amy.

Dr. Catling, after leaving Mr. Watson's, did not think of Henry until he was some distance from the house, and when the forgotten pupil recurred to his memory he checked his horse very suddenly and with unnecessary vigor. The old animal threw his head high into the air at this unexpected and violent curbing and stopped short.

"Watson will send him home—if he does not he can walk—it'll do him good—needs exercise anyhow," muttered the doctor and then applying his whip vigorously he went forward again. He drove first to the house where the surgical operation was to have been performed, to explain why he had not come according to promise, and to make an appointment for the following day. Then he visited several other patients and finally drew up in front of the store of a well known apothecary and skilful chemist of the city. Alighting from his buggy, he went into the drug store and saluted the proprietor, who, with a white apron on and his

* See Jahr's Manual of Homœopathic Medicine, Vol. 1, page 3.

sleeves rolled up to his elbows, came from the back part of the shop.

"How are you Feltrum?" said the doctor.

"How are you Doctor!" returned Feltrum.

"Feltrum, can't you make a quantitative analysis of something for me?"

"Guess so, what is it?" answered Feltrum smartly.

"I don't want you to *guess* about it—I've got some of Klinepille's little globules here, that ought not to have enough Aconite in a million of them to affect a baby, yet a young lady patient of mine came near being killed by three or four of them."

"So! Well, just leave them with me, Doctor; I think I'll find out what they are made of, and how much," replied Feltrum.

"Do so, I'll be much obliged to you," said the doctor, carelessly surveying all parts of the shop. He continued, "How's physic now—the public doing its duty in the way of patronage?"

"Yes, s'pose so—been a little dull to-day," replied Feltrum.

"Well, the Lord'll bless us some of these days, Feltrum. Good day!"

"Good day!" returned the apothecary.

The doctor had reached his vehicle by this time—was soon seated in it and driving homeward.

A few days afterwards, Feltrum chancing to pass Dr. Catling's, during office hours, stepped in, and finding the doctor disengaged he said to him, "Doctor, I've sifted that case."

"Well, what did you find?"

"I found only sugar of milk in some of the pills, but about the sixtieth (60)

of a grain of Aconita (active principle of Aconite) in others."*

"The deuce you did! Why, that's as much as I would dare to give for a dose!" said the doctor in some surprise—then he added, in his usual satirical style, "Well Feltrum, we mustn't forget *that this world is obliged to be humbugged!*"

IX.

"MORAL SYMPTOMS OF HIGHLY POTENTIZED GLOBULES."

The gay season was at its height in Magnol, though it was now the first week in February. The giddy whirl of social enjoyment seemed quickened by the near approach to the Lenten pause—when merriment must give place to soberness and the dancer's skipping feet must take the measured Sabbath pace of the church-going christian. The young men, the vital principle and soul of modern society, pressed their business during the day and revelled far into the night at whatever hospitable mansion was given the annual entertainment. Really wonderful is it, how the fashionable young man of business can keep himself going through labor by day and loss of sleep, with dissipation, by night, for months together. True it is, though, he shows "the wear and tear" of such a life after a few years in the attenuated limb, the sallow, wrinkled skin and the prematurely bald head; but the power of continued endurance seems never to fail him.

Two typical specimens of the class mentioned met each other, while going

* See, for a similar instance, Simpson's "Homœopathy, its tenets and tendencies," page 45, note.

in a half run along one of the principal business thoroughfares of Magnol. he *won't* near suit old Hezekiah, if he does her," replied Smith.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Smith.

"Halloo, yourself!" returned Jones. "No, reckon not. Well, I must get on to bank—Adieu!"

"How are you feeling to-day?" asked Smith. "*Aw reservoir!*" returned Jones, and two nice young men went about their business.

"Bright as a diamond!" answered Jones. The unconscious object of the latter

"Of course you enjoyed yourself last night." part of this conversation sat, in a most uncomfortable mood, in Dr. Catling's

"I did! pleasantest affair of the season, so far," said Jones, emphatically. office, vainly trying to fix his mind

"Did you dance with Miss Watson?" asked Smith. on the medical book before him; to wit, "*Watson's Practice of Physic.*"

"No! you see I was a little lame from being on my feet too much night before last; so I cultivated the wall flowers last night—though Miss Loleta's most too lively for me anyhow." Although his author is styled the

"Well, she is lively—there's no mistake about that. Did you hear about what she said to Soulto?" asked Smith. Goldsmith of medical writers, Henry

"No, what was that?" inquired Jones manifesting much interest. could find no beauties in his thoughts

"Why, Soulto—impudent as usual—told her, soon after he was presented, that he had heard she was *fast*. She told him they had been misinformed of each other; that she had heard he was a *gentleman*." or music in his sentences this morning. His mind was continually recurring to the scenes of the night before. In imagination he could see a female form, as beautiful as an angel, clad in rose colored silk, and floating, as it were, amidst other less beautiful angels—the whole scene bathed in a mellow light and the air filled with music that seemed of unearthly sweetness. He gazed vacantly into the office fire as he dreamed. Suddenly some one came in to make an inquiry in relation to Dr. Catling and quickly went out again; but let in, each time the door was opened, the fresh, cool air and bright sunshine of the morning. This aroused Henry. He closed his book and pushed it aside; arose, took a cigar from his case, lighted it and strolled forth into the street to see, as he persuaded himself, if he could not shake off his disinclination to study. Had there been recitations required for that day or any other, he would have at once felt that the business before him was urgent, that his studies could not be abandoned thus early in the day; at an

"Ha-ha, He-he," laughed Jones, "Did she say that! Well that was g-o-o-d! Did Soulto make any reply?"

"No s-i-r! It completely *wilted* him," answered Smith, "he was more quiet and better behaved during the entire evening than I ever saw him."

"Ha-ha! Well, I'm glad to hear of that—Soulto is a great puppy," said Jones. "By the by," he added, "that bashful medical man, Graves, seems to be in a bad way about Miss Loleta."

"Yes; but he'll soon get his passports;

hour when the mind is most fresh and only requires a little control to make it accomplish wonderful results. Having reached the street and being aimless he stopped for a moment to consider which way he would walk. It then occurred to him that he had not taken a horseback ride since he had left his country home. The very idea!

That would so arouse and divert him that he could keep himself from dreaming, an hour or so hence, when he would take up his book again.

Having been brought up in a utilitarian school, therefore taught to shun too great indulgence in luxuries, Henry had not become, as would most young men of his means, the owner of a blooded saddle horse during his temporary stay in Magnol; but depended upon the nearest livery stable to furnish the desired steed on this occasion. The man of business at the stable seeing at once by the tranquil manner and polite tones of the customer that here was a "real gentleman" to be served, ordered the hostler to get ready one of the best horses in the stable, designating the animal by name. In a very short time a neatly caparisoned steed was led forth by the groom, who handed Henry a small riding whip which he carried in his hand and, at the same time, gave a hasty glance at his lower limbs. Knowing his meaning instantly, Henry stepped to the left side of the horse, lifted one of the stirrups, measured the length of its strap along his arm and said "Lengthen them a little, please—about the third hole below, I reckon, will do—I have to ride with a very long stirrup."

The groom made the change with alacrity, his face ready to burst into

a grin, the while, from anticipation of the fee the gentleman would be sure to put into his hand when the horse was returned, and from the certainty he felt that his favorite was going into the hands of a person who understood how to ride, consequently knew enough about a horse to know how to treat him well.

Henry was soon mounted and sitting gracefully in his saddle went off at an easy pace. In a little while he made his appearance on the broadest and most fashionable street of residences that Magnol could boast. It is possible that he took this route by accident; but highly probable that he so directed his course because he might chance, while passing, to get a glimpse of his angel, who lived in one of the handsome buildings on this very avenue. Very soon he was going by her house and his heart, in consequence, was accelerated in its movements. He took sly occasional glances at the windows of her mansion, as he rode on the side of the street nearest to it; but saw no one. Just as the feeling of disappointment was coming over him at passing without either seeing or being seen, he heard his name pronounced very distinctly by a voice he had learned well to know. It was a full, clear, soft voice; doubtless much like the note of a flute. Henry could not have told you what the sound of the voice resembled—he would have been able to have said only it was incomparably sweet. He checked his horse instantly and, as he caught sight of Loleta standing in a bay window projecting from the end of the building, he lifted high his hat and at once put on his accustomed blush.

"Have you nothing to do but to ride for amusement at this hour of the day?" she said as she came towards the entrance to the front yard, having tripped lightly out of the low window into the walk below.

Henry did not think her question a strangely practical one, coming from a thoughtless girl, for he was himself strongly imbued with the national idea, that men should not be idlers, especially in the early part of the day; but before he could make any reply, Loleta continued, "Come, get down, sir, and give an account of your idleness!"

Not at all surprised at this greeting, for he well knew her free manner of speech and action, Henry wheeled his horse to the curb stone, dismounted, threw the rein over his steed's head and holding it in his hand began to explain his absence from duty. He said, and quite seriously too, that he had been seeing so much of the gay world, recently, that he found it impossible to keep his mind on his studies. "All this morning," he continued, "I have been thinking of the pleasures of last night."

"You mean at Mrs. Howard's?" she suggested.

"Yes," he replied.

Now Loleta remembered well that he had spent most of the evening in her company and had frequently led her to the dance; therefore, she felt that she must have been often in his mind during that morning and that the intention of his remark was to insinuate as much. This was far from being a matter of indifference to her, although her manner indicated that it was. She answered carelessly, "I suppose you would turn a compliment if you knew how."

Henry, still slightly blushing, denied such intention and added "I am not surprised that young men are not believed when they tell the truth; 'tis not often they are guilty of such folly."

"Very satirical indeed," she said, with a mock sneer, and then, giving him no time to reply, she exclaimed, "What a handsome horse that is—I dearly love horses!"

"Have you ever learned to ride one?" asked Henry turning his eyes towards his steed.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, impatient at the intimation such a question conveyed—then she added, "Horseback riding is my favorite amusement, if I may so call it."

"Indeed!" said Henry, "why, I supposed it was an accomplishment that young ladies in cities did not care to possess."

"You know very little about 'young ladies in cities,'" she said, as she came through the little iron wicket over which she had been carelessly leaning. Approaching the horse she patted him on the neck, with a very pretty little hand, saying, "I want to show you how well I can ride, sir!"

Henry did not know whether this remark was addressed to himself or the horse, but he answered, "I wish I could see you on horseback"—mentally resolving to make up a riding party when the pleasant spring weather came.

"Would you? How would this serve for a riding habit?" She asked both questions with scarce a pause, and touched at the same time with both hands the skirt of her flowing silk morning robe.

"Very well, so far as its fashion is concerned, but not so well as to material," he answered.

"We will test its fitness," said she, in a decisive manner.

Henry now saw that she was inclined to some odd proceeding, but very little suspected the extent of it. As he stood in silent expectation she approached him and removing his hat from his head put it upon her own and, before he could recover from his amazement, she put out her hand, saying, "Now give me your gloves and whip."

Henry obeyed though he was far from being pleased with this public, madeap exhibition.

"What are you going to do, Miss Watson?" he asked rather seriously; to which Loleta lightly replied, "Why sir, I am going to show you how a city girl can ride."

"Why, Miss Watson, I know nothing about the qualities of the horse, he may not be safe," began Henry in protest, then he hesitatingly added, "there is no suitable saddle—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the heedless girl, cutting short what he was next going to say—"Where is your gallantry, sir! Will you not lead Saladin, if that's his name, up to the stone?" she asked, with affected surprise.

Henry would have expostulated further but saw it would be of no avail; so he began to place the horse in proper position for Loleta to mount him; while she, attired in her improvised and not unbecoming riding costume, stood upon the broad stepping stone awaiting Henry's movements. When he had succeeded in placing the animal, after several ineffectual trials, in the desired posture, Loleta, reaching across

the saddle, took the stirrup of the right side and threw it across to the left, thereby shortening its strap and making a good substitute for the ordinary side-saddle stirrup. Without any assistance she now sprang actively and not ungracefully into the saddle and was soon firmly seated.

"Now tell me whether or not I ride gracefully, Mr. Graves," she said laughingly, as she gathered up the reins and gave the horse a sharp lash with the whip. Away sprang the beast, furiously, and in a moment more Loleta, at a full gallop, disappeared around a corner of the street a hundred yards distant.

Henry was both astonished and alarmed at her reckless riding; but it was, of course, now out of his power to do anything towards averting an accident which he feared was inevitable. He stood, bare-headed, looking in the direction in which she had disappeared, hoping soon to see her returning in safety. But after waiting in vain for five minutes some of his solicitude for Loleta was relieved by his beginning to feel that his own position was a most ridiculous one. There he was, standing in front of Mr. Watson's house, bare-headed, staring anxiously up the street and exposed to the gaze of the passers, who would look inquiringly at him, but, of course, say nothing, thereby depriving him of an opportunity for explaining; furthermore, he was conscious of being observed from windows opposite and near. By the time he had realized his situation he had become supremely uncomfortable. Unless some serious accident should happen to Loleta he could not fairly expect to escape being laughed at, and

it would have been hard for him to have decided just then which result of this adventure he most dreaded.

As he thus stood, anxious, vexed and amused by turns, not knowing what he ought to do under the circumstances, he was startled by hearing Loleta's voice immediately behind him, saying, "Do come into the house, Mr. Graves—you look really ludicrous, standing there without your hat!"

Henry turned quickly and, to his great surprise, saw her occupying her former position, listlessly hanging over the closed gate.

"Why, Miss Watson! Why—what has become of the horse?" exclaimed he, and then he began to feel piqued, for he saw that she had probably made him the butt of a practical joke.

But Loleta had foreseen this result, so said, quite gravely and with a slight appearance of coaxing, "Now don't be offended, Mr Graves! I wanted some one to talk to—I feel very lonesome this morning—I rode your horse around the corner to the back of the house, where the stable opens into another street, and told 'Jim' to put him up. Do come in now, and let me make any amend I can for my rudeness."

Henry recovered his spirits in a moment. He would not have rejected an apology from a man for such conduct, much less that of the beautiful Loleta, especially as she had brought about that which he desired above all things, to wit; a quiet *tete a tete* with herself. He insisted that he enjoyed her frolic quite as much as she did, now that he saw her in safety; but that he was very much alarmed for her at the time.

Entering the drawing room, Loleta went to a window that looked out upon the front yard and into the street, listlessly flung herself upon a divan beside it and motioned Henry to a chair opposite.

"I expect you, Mr. Graves, as well as everybody who knows me, think I'm perfectly regardless of what I do or say," said she, in a tone of more concern than Henry had ever before heard from her.

"Then why are you so thoughtless and wild if you care for the opinion of others?" asked he in reply, unconsciously putting a very hard question.

"I cannot tell you," she said, with something of dejection in her voice, "I know only, that I have an irresistible desire to play pranks and say queer things very frequently."

Henry, of course, felt a ready sympathy, so he hastened to administer what comfort he could. "I've never seen you do anything that any reasonable person could object to," said he, quickly and earnestly; then he added, "I don't see why you are troubled."

"Oh, they say I will make people talk about me and dislike me—and I don't know what all!" She said this with an air of impatience and immediately added, with much cheerfulness and as if gratified to know that her peculiarities did at least something for her. "I know I get an abundance of scolding about my behavior. I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, with sudden animation, "I could have some liberty then—I'd make everybody *know better* than to say they thought anything I did was 'outrageous!'"

"Well, I'm glad you are not a man then!" said Henry, putting on so seri-

ous a face that it caused Loleta to laugh quite heartily. "What are you laughing at," he asked, slightly blushing at this ready recognition and applause of his humor.

"Oh, that was such a ridiculous remark!" she answered.

And so they chatted on pleasantly for some time. When their loquacity was somewhat spent and the conversation showed a tendency to lagging, Henry asked for some music. The rather remarkable circumstances which had brought about this morning call had also thrown it out of the rank of conventionalities, therefore he felt at liberty to prolong his stay beyond the fashionable length of such visits.

"What shall I play for you?" asked Loleta, looking over some music, while Henry opened the piano and arranged the music stool.

"Whatever you choose—you always make good selections," he replied.

"Once for all, I don't like commonplace flattery," said she, carelessly, as she took her seat at the instrument and ran her fingers skilfully over the keys.

Loleta had received the greater part of her education in a Jesuit institution, and had been most carefully instructed in the thorough manner peculiar to those most accomplished of teachers. What musical talent she possessed had been made the most of. It was always a matter of surprise to her friends, that she had acquired so much of everything save sectarianism during her stay at the convent of the "Sisters of Mercy;" for, although she attended divine service weekly at one of the Episcopal churches of Magnol and manifested a due respect for religious matters, yet

she seemed to have no fixed religious ideas and was a non-communicant.

After trifling with the keys a moment longer, she played, with appropriate expression, a selection from Martha. Then followed the song "*Di Venezia il mare il Sol*," from Rigalletto.

Henry listened absorbedly, his face wearing that peculiar, peaceful expression which is seen upon the human countenance only when the mind is under the influence of music, of deep and pleasant reverie, or when resting in death.

"Do you like Grand Opera?" she asked, suddenly ceasing to play.

"I am not yet educated to the point of full appreciation," he replied; then he added, apologetically, "You remember I have lived most of my life in the country and have had but few opportunities for visiting the Opera; yet I listen with great delight to the 'airs' and 'duets.'"

"I cannot say that I enjoy the recitative passages myself," said Loleta. "I believe," she continued, "I prefer 'ballad' singing to any other music—here is my favorite," she said, as she gave the instrument a few exquisite touches by way of symphony.

The young student was enraptured by the song which followed; the words were so familiar as to be hackneyed, but the air was new to him. It was "Hinda's Lament" set to music by ———* and sung by Loleta in a most touching manner.

Henry spent full two hours in Loleta's company—two brief hours, which he ever after remembered as among the

* The writer, after diligent inquiry, has been unable to find who composed the air to which he alludes. It is not Wetmore's composition.

few bright ones of his life. He would have staid even longer had his sense of propriety permitted. Reluctantly taking his leave he mounted his horse, which now stood in waiting for him at the front, and returned, first to the stable and then to the office, fully resolved to make up for lost time by most diligent study during the remainder of the day and far into the night.

Three pairs of eyes had rested upon Loleta while she was preparing for the equestrian exploit of that morning, and had watched her with especial interest at that point where she attired herself in some of Henry's apparel. The eyes were those of Mrs. Wayup and her maiden sister Miss Loveless from the opposite side of the street, and of Aunt Eunice from the Watson mansion. All the parties took observation from second story front windows.

"Well I do think Loleta Watson's the wildest girl I ever saw! Just look how she is behaving!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayup, in a suppressed tone, to Miss Loveless.

"Perfectly reckless! Perfectly abandoned!!" said Miss Loveless with emphasis, "I hope she may have discretion enough," she continued, "not to create a scandal some day;" though as she said this her countenance flatly contradicted her words.

"I *du* declare! Surely she '*wunt do ut*,'" soliloquized Aunt Eunice, while she saw that Loleta was already doing that which she so much deprecated, namely; preparing to mount Henry's steed, apparelled as we have described. "She seems to have '*bad a doo*' to her senses lately—I guess that Aconite must have something to do with it."

X.

LUCID INTERVALS.

"Where have you been, Sister?" asked Wilbur of Loleta, who, having just alighted from the carriage and entered the house, was gathering up her skirts for a hasty flight up stairs.

"I have been to see my most refined and least fashionable friends," she replied, with a decided nod of the head.

"Who are they?" asked Wilbur bluntly, but looking kindly into the bright eyes and happy face of his sister.

"The DeArman's—you might have known without asking," she answered.

"You have!" he said, with pleased surprise; "well, I'm glad you don't neglect them," he added.

"It's no matter of surprise, I think," she returned, "I never thought of giving them up—they are educated, refined, sincere people—you are not likely ever to be ashamed of such acquaintances, no matter how poor they are."

"I agree with you in that, Sister!" said Wilbur, with emphasis.

"Why do you and Mr. Graves go out there so frequently?" asked Loleta after a short pause, and with evident interest.

Wilbur smiled as he replied, "I take him along to entertain Mrs. DeArman, or anybody else we may meet there—excepting Miss Alice."

"Any other one of your friends would do as well for that purpose as Mr. Graves, I would suppose," said Loleta, carelessly.

"No, they would not," returned Wilbur, positively; "I like Graves—he's a gentleman and good company," he added.

There was a momentary flash of pleasure in Loleta's eyes as Wilbur

made this explanation, but he did not observe it. With an indifferent manner she remarked, "Mr. Graves is so bashful that he seems almost stupid sometimes." Then she began gathering up her skirts, which she had released when Wilbur stopped her, saying at the same time, quite earnestly, "Brother you had better make Alice my sister-in-law; then, maybe, I *won't* have to go so far to see her."

"I will, one of these days," laughed Wilbur.

"What o'clock is it?" inquired Loleta.

"Near four, I suppose," replied her brother.

"Humph! I must hurry or I *won't* be in time for dinner!" she exclaimed as she ran lightly up the stairway.

While the Watson family are engaged in dining (you will learn how they dined from almost any modern novel you may take up) it will be a good opportunity to say to the reader that the DeArman's, mentioned above, are the widow and daughter of a *Mr. DeArman*—that Mr DeArman made a bad (that is an honest) failure in business about two years ago, and died soon afterwards, leaving nothing to his family save a good name and an insurance policy for a few thousand dollars, which had been secured years before his death, and the existence of which his creditors had carefully ignored. With this small sum Mrs. DeArman had purchased, by the advice of friends, an humble home a mile or so beyond the limits of the city and close to Mr. Watson's country house, the 'Old Alberte place.' Here mother and daughter led a life of cheerful and respectable retirement—remembered and visited by a few friends, who had known

them in better days—forgotten or neglected by the larger number of former acquaintances—esteemed and beloved by the neighbors who now surrounded them.

Dinner was over, so was the business of the day for Mr. Watson, and he now sat in a comfortable arm chair beside a table and before a bright wood fire made of ashen logs and kept actively burning by the occasional addition of a species of kindling abundant in this part of the world, styled, sometimes, lightwood; but more commonly known as "*fat pine*." He had finished his cigar before coming into the library and now employed himself in looking over a bundle of fresh newspapers and periodicals, both domestic and foreign, which he had brought home with him from his counting-room that day. He seemed to be absorbed in some particularly interesting article just then, for he did not notice that Loleta had come into the room and now stood behind his chair. She paused a moment after reaching this point and finding she was unnoticed, stealthily raised both hands and passed them gently to the front on each side of his head, lifted his spectacles and slid her soft fingers over his eyelids, thus completely shutting off his vision.

"Well girl! don't you know any better than to disturb one, while reading, in that manner?" said Mr. Watson with mock severity.

"How did you know it was *me*?" said Loleta, in a somewhat childish manner, at the same time removing her fingers from her father's eyes.

"Don't you disturb me in the same way every day?" questioned Mr. Watson in answer.

"Well you know, Papa, I can't get to see much of you at any other time," replied Loleta, with a slight pout.

"And you want to see something of me, do you?" asked Mr. Watson, playfully, looking at her over his spectacles.

"Certainly I do! Once, at least, every day."

"Well, sit down—if you'll behave, you may see me a little while," he answered in the same jesting manner.

Loleta drew a chair near him and sitting down remained silent. She seemed disposed to keep strictly to the limits of her father's permission and to see him merely.

"Loleta!" said Mr. Watson, suddenly, at the same time taking his eyes from the fire and turning them on his daughter, "What sort of a young fellow is this Mr. Graves who shows you a good deal of attention now-a-days?"

This question came very unexpectedly, and Mr. Watson's eyes scrutinized Loleta's face kindly but steadily. She, either because of the suddenness of the question, or because of its peculiar nature, colored slightly as she answered, "How do you mean, Papa?"

"I mean, do you know whether or not he is thoroughly well bred, intelligent and steady," explained Mr. Watson.

"Why, yes, Papa! I suppose so; but why do you ask me such a question?" replied Loleta, with affected indifference.

"I see you know very well," said he; "you know, too, it is an important question, don't you?"

"Yes, Papa," she answered, while looking into the fire, "Mr. Graves is much superior to most of the young

men of our acquaintance." Here she paused a moment when she added, with a sly twinkle of her eyes, "He wouldn't run away with anybody, though, Papa."

"Suppose not; would repent it if he did," returned Mr. Watson, waggishly.

"Now, Papa; you oughtn't to say ill-natured things, even in jest," pouted Loleta, with an injured and childish air.

"I mean, I would make him repent it if he did not get you in the proper way," replied Mr. Watson, with mock seriousness.

"I'll save him the trouble of troubling you," she said, with such a manner as left her meaning very doubtful.

Mr. Watson made no reply to this last remark, and spoke as if half in soliloquy.

"I know this young man's father," he said, "very well—he's a man of some means and a most sensible and energetic merchant—is a prominent man in his community; but I don't know anything of the other part of the family."

"Why, Papa!" exclaimed Loleta, "you talk as seriously as if Mr. Graves was going to propose, and I was going to accept him—I'm sure either event is quite uncertain."

"No matter now; there is something else I wish to talk to you about. I want to lecture you on propriety in behavior."

"Goodness! what now!" exclaimed Loleta, complainingly.

"I've heard of several things lately that cause me to fear that you are quite too careless in your actions," replied Mr. Watson, gravely.

"Now, Papa! what have you heard?" asked Loleta, on the defensive.

"Let me see," said Mr. Watson, thoughtfully. "I heard of what you said to Mr. Souto."

"Well, he deserved that, didn't he Papa?"

"Yes, but possibly some past conduct of yours encouraged the fellow to say what he did—you see, you might have avoided the necessity for the rebuke and thus saved yourself from making an enemy," he replied.

"I'll try to do better," said Loleta, a little heedlessly. "Is that all Papa?"

"That's a good deal, I think; but it's not 'all'—your Aunt told me of your ride yesterday," said he, quietly.

"Oh, Aunt's so prudish!" exclaimed Loleta with much impatience.

"Hush, daughter!" said Mr. Watson, in a reproving tone, and then added, "Your Aunt is right; your mother would have given you a good scolding for such conduct."

At the mention of her mother, Loleta's countenance changed, assuming a sad expression, which Mr. Watson seeing did not wait for any reply from her; but said with a cheerful smile, "Your Aunt excuses your conduct on the ground that not you, but Dr. Klinepille's medicine is responsible for your thoughtlessness."

"Loleta laughed merrily at this and replied, "Oh Aunt is good, but she is *mighty* funny sometimes."

"Now, never mind Aunt!" said Mr. Watson becoming serious again. "Listen to me! You know, my child, you occupy a good position in society and receive much attention, therefore you are a fair mark for envy and scandal, and you must

conduct yourself more carefully. You don't know, but I do, that you inherit a frolicsome and reckless disposition that belonged to your mother's family. I feared it would show most in Wilbur, where I could not manage it so well; but it has not, though he has quite enough of it for his good. Now you must remember that you have to be doubly guarded on account of your inheritance. Will you recollect what I have said to you?"

"Yes, Papa; I'll try," she said meekly; then added, with a sly look, "I may enjoy my inheritance occasionally, mayn't I?"

Mr. Watson made no reply to this, only smiled as he sat looking into the fire. Loleta arose, and going to him put her arms around his neck saying, as she kissed him, "Good-by now, Papa, until tomorrow!"

"Put out, then!" said he and gave her a playful slap on her plump shoulders, as she moved from his side.

Meetings in the library like the one just described were of frequent occurrence between Loleta and her father. She seemed to come, as she frequently said, merely to see him, and at such times she would sit near him, glance at him occasionally as he read, rarely interrupting him by talking. Sometimes she would take these opportunities to ask his opinion or advice about various matters, and she always listened patiently and attentively to anything he might say to her.

Mr. Watson had striven to fill, as far as possible, the place of both mother and father to his daughter, though he had succeeded moderately well only. Loleta had necessarily been left much to herself and to have her own way;

Mr. Watson’s business having, until recently, too much absorbed him to admit of his giving the needed time to her training, even had he been competent to the task. As for the weak sway of Aunt Eunice, that had terminated soon after Mrs. Watson’s death. Whether or not it was due to the lack of maternal control, the fact, nevertheless, was apparent that Loleta was a spoiled child—had grown up both wilful and wild, as the reader has, no doubt, become aware. She had also grown to be a most beautiful woman; was now a decided favorite with the beaux of her class, and an object of dislike and envy to the greater part of her young female acquaintances as well as to their watchful, diplomatic mammas.

XI.

“THERE’S MANY A SLIP ’TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.”

Six months had now elapsed since Henry Graves had entered the office of Dr. Catling as a student of medicine. His preliminary education, as we have already shown, had not been such as to, at all, assist him in comprehending the various volumes placed in his hands, and his good preceptor, though learned himself, was too much engaged with the numerous pressing duties of his profession to enable him to devote the time necessary for teaching and preparing his pupil for attendance on medical lectures. Still Henry had managed, during the time above mentioned, to look through several books of most formidable size; had, in fact, finished the works usually read by students during their term of “office pupillage.” Only a shadowy recollection

of what these books contained remained with him, which, however, mattered little, he had been frankly assured by Dr. Catling. “This ‘office pupillage’ has come to be a mere form,” the doctor said, somewhat severely. “A student of medicine has to read only for a few months in the office of some physician, which period will be counted as one year of preliminary study; and that is the only requirement of any of the schools of the country, before admitting a candidate to competition for their honors.”

So, no searching preliminary examination, nor one of any kind, was to be dreaded by Henry before beginning the course of study in any one of the institutions of learning alluded to above. What a student knew, they insisted, should be determined by a final and not by a preliminary catechizing. Though to Henry’s credit be it said, this state of things was unsatisfactory and he had a day dream to the effect that when he came to be “*Doctor in Arte Medica*,” he would establish primary medical schools where could be learned how to carry the calf before the attempt was made to lift the ox.

But during the latter months of his stay in Magnol medical matters had rarely intruded upon his thoughts, in consequence of the blandishments of city society and his attachment for Loleta. It was now the middle of June and the course of reading, so called, being finished, he had concluded to return to his home, and, after spending there a month or so, he would repair to some medical centre, as was then the fashion, for the purpose of acquiring a medical diploma.

The time of departure from Magnol

was but two or three days distant when he found that thoughts of home, kindred, friends and the more remote medical honors, had entirely given place to a matter in connection with his love affair. Now, for the first time, he began to realize his true position; he became aware, while mentally weighing his chances of future successful wooing that he had seen symptoms which indicated he was already something of a favorite, at least, with Mr. Watson and Wilbur. Furthermore, he knew that his attentions to Loleta had been of so significant a character as to become a subject of general remark in the circle to which she belonged, (he did not know that several other admirers had been the subjects of similar remarks) and such as to render it incumbent upon him to press his suit to some definite conclusion.

At this point a dilemma discovered itself to him, one which frequently troubles prudent young men, to wit; he was neither in a condition to marry nor to venture, even, on a marriage proposal. In the first place he did not know that his parents would approve of his making either proposal or engagement (Henry was a "*good boy*" and wished the approval of his parents in all things), and time was now too short to await communication with them by mail on this important matter, the mails to Warlock being both uncertain and tardy. He must consult his people in person if they were to be consulted at all. Secondly he was only a youth as yet, being but a few months past his twenty-first birthday; was still entirely dependent upon his father for all the necessaries and luxuries of life which he now enjoyed.

Lastly, and above all, he had not yet his armor on (medical degree) preparatory to beginning the battle of life.

Here were several conditions usually regarded as rendering either matrimony or matrimonial engagements, if not impracticable, at least highly imprudent; and Henry, as we have intimated had no rashness in his nature. It once occurred to our hero, while resolutely considering the many difficulties of the situation, that Loleta, if not already, would be an heiress and that the advantages of her position would nullify all the disadvantages of his own. But this way to surmounting obstacles was ignored at once (very foolishly, we think) as being dishonorable, unmanly and meanly mercenary; when he married, or engaged to marry, he must be in position to command the respect of his future wife as well as that of her family.

There was, however, one view of the whole matter, which somehow had not presented itself to him, namely; that all his cogitations and dreams might be like Alnascar's—that a "*kick*" (vernacular for discard) might demolish an airy castle here in Magnol as well as in Bagdad—that all his hopes might be disappointed—all his thinking rendered useless by a brief sentence from Loleta's lips. He never once thought of that!

And Henry was very much perplexed in casting about for some proper line of conduct to follow. He reasoned one day thus; "I have shown my attachment to her in every way possible under the circumstances, except by direct declaration. She must see that I am not in a position to go, at present, fur-

ther than I have—though she may think I have already gone farther than is warrantable unless I intended to take some decisive step immediately." And thus his reasoning would circle and end in doubt. Finally, he concluded that if occasion offered he might explain his intentions, but that it would really be better to say nothing on the subject yet awhile. He would be going home day after to-morrow—he would, at least, see as much of her as possible while he could be near her; and if he went away without declaring himself in words, if she really loved him—the right idea came to him at last—yes, if she loved him, she would appreciate his silence and would wait patiently, keeping all other suitors in abeyance until he, the right one, was in position to put himself and fortunes at her feet.

But what has Henry been doing during the past few months to bring upon himself all the perplexity we have been attempting to describe? Why, he has been employing all the means usual with men, who would attract the special notice of their favorites. He had lost no occasion for showing Loleta an attention—entertaining new books, new music and choice flowers came frequently to her hands from him. He had many times, during the spring season, used all his influence and ingenuity in getting together parties for early horseback rides, mainly for the reason that he knew Loleta greatly enjoyed such amusement. He had frequently driven her out *alone*—so frequently as to make people talk of the matter—merely because (as he persuaded himself) she delighted in nothing more than in riding, at a giddy gait, after a horse remarkable for his speed in trotting.

It will be readily seen that Henry had been quite thoughtless as to the significance of his actions.

At his last visit to Mr. Watson's, at which time he had announced his intention of soon leaving the city, he had made an appointment with Loleta for a farewell ride over their favorite drive. The ride was to be taken in the morning, and early in the morning, for the rays of the sun, an hour after his rising, had, months ago, become too fervent to be agreeable in this far southern latitude. Therefore a "before breakfast" drive it was to be.

The time has arrived for this lover's jaunt, and, while Henry is approaching Loleta's home, let us precede him there and see what the lady is about. We find her risen, attired for the drive, seated at a morning room window and evidently musing. We know what she is thinking! and that she is engaged with a retrospective, an introspective and prospective view. The retrospect reaches only through her short season of six months in society. They had been the pleasantest six months of her life. Her social success had been complete, if completeness consists in holding the undisputed right to the position of "belle of the season," in being envied by the women and admired, loved and courted by the men of her class. Had she been vain she could have thought with pleasure of many undoubted conquests; but herein she was neither vain nor frivolous—she was no coquette and could feel nothing but regret in recurring to the pain she had unintentionally and unwillingly given her rejected suitors. This closed the retrospect.

The introspection gives less cause for self gratulation. It shows a heart that has withstood the skilful and well nigh irresistible approaches of the experienced beau, transfixed, mortally wounded, from a dart shot by a free lance Cupid in the interest of a knight, who had occupied a most modest position at the opening of the tourney. Such was the result of the introspect

The paradoxical total shows her, at the end of the short campaign, to be victorious, yet utterly vaquished.

Now for the prospective! Loleta was a little nervous about the approaching event, to wit; the farewell ride. She knew so well now the symptoms of the coming declaration that she felt well assured that she could divine the import of Henry's movements. But, she had been only six months in the enjoyment of her bellehood! Could she relinquish such a position so soon! Ah me, it would be a great sacrifice! Still, she would not hesitate. Besides, they could not be married for a year or so yet, though engaged; and this engagement would be known to no one outside of the family—why could she not continue to enjoy, without stint, the sweets of her queenly position until he came to claim her!

Here her contemplation of the future was cut short by the sharp grating of a wheel against the curbstone, as a handsome buggy, drawn by a magnificent bay horse, drew up at the front, and startled her into the present.

A few minutes more, and the two happy and favored young people were riding quietly and by the nearest route towards the entrance to one of the favorite but retired drives in the environs of Magnol. The couple were setting

a good example for the imitation of others like themselves, beginning or almost ready to begin the journey of life, for they had risen with the lark and were now about fulfilling the engagements of the day when Aurora had but fairly shaken off her slumbers.

They soon reached the way they sought, when their thorough-bred steed, pricking up his ears and not waiting for a word from Henry, started swiftly along its smooth, white surface. Rapidly they passed by elegant suburban villas surrounded by ornamental grounds and embowered in the foliage of stately live oaks, dark green, lustrous magnolias, huge leaved, tropical looking umbrella trees, and the lesser laurel, cypress, mock-orange and syringa. Now and then they would come upon a well cultivated market garden, with its long rows of thrifty vegetables, its owner's small white cottage, shaded by a single spreading tree, standing in the midst. This was usually the home of the immigrant.

There was a delightful freshness and bracing coolness in the moist morning air. Lines of blue, smoke-like mist hung, here and there, near the surface of the ground and the grass blades bent low under their load of jewel-like drops. The king of day was now beginning to send his rays high into the heavens and brightly over the scene, while the feathered world, full of nervous life, flitted hither and thither uttering their different songs of wondrous melody. Loleta, with parted lips, drank in the pure air and gazed with brightened eye on passing objects.

"Oh, a morning drive is so delightful!" she cried.

"It gives me more pleasure to see your enjoyment," said Henry, gallantly, but truly.

"Indeed! Does it!" answered she, mockingly. "Give me the reins!" she exclaimed, suddenly putting out her hands as if to take them.

"Oh no! I can't do that! You couldn't hold him," said Henry, earnestly, lifting the reins beyond her grasp.

With an impatient "Pshaw!" she partly arose from the seat and reaching forward, caught the reins beyond his hands thereby drawing them tightly over the horse. The animal had been trained to understand this as a signal to increase his speed, so now dashed forward at a frightful gait. It took all Loleta's strength and presence of mind to keep a firm hold on the reins and to guide the animal so as to avoid the ditch and low fence that bordered either side of the way. The effort brought the rich blood into her face and added to her already striking beauty; while Henry, forgetful of his lost position as driver, gazed at her in silent admiration.

They had gone above a mile at this rapid rate and both had remained silent, when Loleta cried out, "Take the reins, quick! I can't hold them any longer!"

Henry grasped them, quick as thought, and speaking to the horse caused him to slacken his pace to an easier trot. As soon as he had accomplished this, he asked, "Why did you want me to relieve you in such a hurry?"

She held up both her little hands at this question and showed that the delicate kid gloves, which covered them, were torn entirely across, and that the

soft palms beneath were discolored and evidently much bruised.

"Why, Miss Watson!" exclaimed Henry, in a concerned tone, "Why in the world did you hold the reins so long without telling me that you were being hurt!"

"Oh it doesn't matter," replied she, lightly, "I don't have to use my hands any—they'll soon be well." And Henry certainly loved her none the less because of this slight display of the courageous spirit within her.

When they had reached the usual limit to their drives in this direction, a point several miles distant from the city, they changed their course, through a lane and towards a neighboring and parallel road by which they could return, thus giving variety to their route. Loleta, in the enjoyment of the ride, had quite forgotten her nervous anticipations of the morning; indeed the rapid character of the drive thus far had been unfavorable to any conversation, therefore, to anything that might keep alive such sensations. But, when their faces were once turned homeward and they moved forward at an easier pace, through a quiet and secluded lane, then a feeling of panic began to oppress her. She was in a very serious, though not altogether unpleasant predicament, and the realization of it caused her to keep very still. He might ask her at any moment, and without a warning word, to marry him! Think of it!

Henry spoke. "Half of our farewell drive is over," he said, with a sigh.

Loleta's heart began to flutter, but she preserved her self-possession and seemed unconscious that Henry had made a very ominous remark. She

looked over and beyond him, in a listless manner, at the country they were passing, and replied, "I hope we may both have many equally as pleasant ones—whose pretty place is this we are passing?" she asked, with scarce a pause, drawing his attention in the direction she looked.

The house was an ornamented cottage, freshly painted in rose and white, that stood upon a knoll in the midst of a plot of ground covered with a carpeting of Bermuda grass. Here and there through the lawn stood a beautiful shade tree, and the approach to the building was through a wide gateway and along a broad shelled* walk, bordered on each side by a neatly trimmed hedge of yapon.

"I have no idea," replied Henry, looking very hard at the place. "Do you admire cottages?" he asked. He was strongly inclined to sentiment this morning—like a candle-moth, he was continually approaching that which he ought to avoid.

"No, I can't say I do, particularly—they look very well in the country," replied the now coy maiden, with an air of indifference and an effort not to be nervous.

"I think they have a cosy and very attractive appearance that is found in no other kind of building," he said earnestly and in a very soft voice. The moth was very near being singed to helplessness that time.

"I forgot that you are a little disposed to be lackadaisical, sometimes," laughed Loleta, in a scoffing manner as a disguise to her trepidation.

Henry was silent for a moment. He thought; "If she expected a declaration she certainly feels very little interest in the matter—she, I fear, desires no explanation of my past attentions—I am afraid to risk knowing my fate just yet." So he explained his seriousness in a little "white lie."

He said, "I only feel somewhat melancholy this morning at the idea of so soon parting with my many kind friends in Magnol."

"Is that *all!*" thought Loleta, and a sidelong glance at his face showed her that the crisis was passed. "Oh, cheer up sir! You'll survive it," said she, derisively, then she added with affected concern, "If you don't drive faster we *won't* get home before the sun is very hot."

Henry, with a word, put his horse in rapid motion, though much against his wishes, for he would gladly have prolonged the ride; besides, there was nothing to fear, he thought, from the sun's heat for an hour yet. Loleta had put on a manner that showed she was no longer enjoying the ride; she seemed almost on the point of yawning several times. There was an indifference and distance in her mien, which he had often noticed but had never felt before. He knew no cause for this sudden mood but was conscious that for this occasion, at least, there was a gulf between them which he had not the courage to attempt to cross.

They were soon at their destination, having talked on the way of persons and things in which neither felt the slightest interest. When Henry alighted and assisted Loleta to the ground he was going to take an impressive leave, make some "telling

* In alluding, on page 9, to certain deposits of shells, we styled them a "Geological puzzle." We ought, probably, to have written Archæological puzzle.

speech;” but he got no opportunity, for she, extending her hand, which he took mechanically in his own, said, kindly, “I have enjoyed my ride very much; I hope you may have a pleasant journey home. Good-by!” She then turned from him, opened the gate hurriedly and tripped, with gracefully gathered up skirts, into the house without waiting for an answer, and before he had time, even to respectfully press the hand he had been permitted to hold.

Oh, could they have understood each other then, what suffering they would have been spared in the future!

Miss Loveless, who saw the parting from her window opposite, understood perfectly what was going on, or at least thought she did, for she remarked to herself, “I suppose he too has been telling her how much he loves her; I think it would be well for her to *marry him*.”

As for Henry he was sorely puzzled by Loleta’s behavior, but he had often before this been quite as much at a loss to understand her words and actions. At all events he was satisfied of one fact—he decidedly did not like that sort of a parting with his beloved. He was strongly tempted to miss the train that was to bear him part of the way homeward, and which would leave at 2 P. M. to-day, in order that he might see Loleta again and decide his fate before going. Then prudence whispered, “Better wait; let the matter rest as it is.”

In a very uncomfortable state of mind he reached the stable and delivering the horse to the ready hostler, he hastened to his temporary home and began his final preparations for departure. As the time drew near he stepped

into a carriage, in waiting, drove past Dr. Catling’s office where were given to him several letters, the doctor had written, introducing him to prominent citizens of the city in which he would attend lectures. As he took leave of his preceptor he received a warm pressure of the hand that made the tears start into his eyes and the doctor said, “Wish you a pleasant journey, boy! God bless you!” At the depot he met Wilbur and several of his young friends, who crowded around him and cheerfully talked, smoked and jested until the sound of the steam whistle seemed to set them all to shaking hands with him at once. “Good-by Graves!” “Good-by old fellow! “Take care of yourself!” sounded from a dozen throats as Henry swung himself onto the platform of a passing car, just as the train moved out of the depot.

Let us now return to Loleta. Avoiding the breakfast room she went immediately up stairs. She met no one on her way nor rang for any one after she had reached her chamber. She began to loosen her bonnet strings in an absent-minded way—stopped a moment to look at her hands, for she was reminded by the effort to use them that they were a little stiff and sore—then she finished the removal of her bonnet and laid it upon a chair. She next seated herself, placed her hands in her lap and fell into a deep study. She was disappointed and perplexed.

She thought, “*It cannot be* that he has been trifling—he certainly is not a flirt—he is too artless and manly for that, I think! What *could* have kept him silent! He seemed about to

“speak more than once! Was it my manner that discouraged him? Possibly—well! if he waits for encouragement from me he will die a bachelor! If he has not the courage to win he must lose.”

Ah! but when we love the heart yields not to the will and the battle between them pales the cheek and breaks the spirit at last! That struggle had now begun within Loleta.

She did not go down to dinner that day because of a *headache*. In the evening she came at the usual hour quietly into the library where her father sat. After kissing him, as usual, and answering his inquiries about her headache, she took a seat a short distance apart and kept very still, as she not unfrequently did. But her mother, for some reason, examined closely her face, though she did not observe his doing so.

The elder Graves had written to him from the country a short time before, sending at the same time a note to be discounted and stating that the amount would, on such a day, be drawn by his son, who would convey it to him at Warlock. Mr. Watson had learned that Henry had drawn the money, a considerable amount, from the bank that morning, and, as he would not wish to keep so large a sum unnecessarily long about his person, the banker concluded he must have left the city that day. “Strange he did not call to say good-by!”

Mr. Watson would not have remembered these facts, nor have noticed Henry’s omission of the parting ceremony, probably, had he not felt a kind of fatherly-in-law interest in the young man and had he not seen something, not

altogether as usual, in Loleta’s countenance, which started his mind into this train of thought. He well knew that she was attached to Henry and he very naturally connected that young gentleman’s departure that day with his daughter’s evident disorder. He concluded that there must either be some undersanding or misunderstanding (both caused headache) between these young people, and he went to work to find out the exact state of the case.

“Loleta!” he said kindly, breaking a silence which had lasted several minutes, “What’s the matter besides the headache, to-day?” He looked straight and inquiringly at her.

“Why Papa? Do I look as if there was anything else the matter?” she replied, at the same time coming over and taking a seat on an ottoman, at his knee.

“Yes!” he answered, “but you have not yet told me what it is.”

“That would be hard to say, Papa,” she replied, with an attempt at her usual playful manner and looking up into his face.

“No doubt it would be hard to say,” he answered, “yet you don’t mind doing anything that is difficult for your father, do you?”

Loleta was not prepared for the adroit turn Mr. Watson had given to her evasive reply—besides his manner led her to fear that he possibly suspected the source of her trouble.

“No Papa,” said she “I would not mind doing anything I could, no matter how difficult, if I thought it would please you;” she paused a moment and then added, “but it is not worth while to trouble you with all my little affairs.”

"Let me judge of that," replied Mr. Watson.

Loleta, seeing that it was useless to try to escape giving her confidence, answered with an earnest manner, "Pa-

pa, I can't tell you, you must guess."

"Well, if you will not tell me," said Mr. Watson, "you'll answer questions I know;" and thus he avoided the undignified procedure of guessing.

"Yes, Papa, I'll, answer questions," replied Loleta, childishly, and she felt some relief in the prospect of soon having a sympathetic confidant.

"Did young Graves leave the city to-day?" asked Mr. Watson, abruptly.

Loleta slightly colored, but answered promptly, "Yes, Papa!"

"He did not call on me to ask permission to pay his addresses to you," he said pleasantly.

"No, Papa," she answered, a little discomposed.

"Well, why did he not? Did you discard him?" asked Mr. Watson, looking anxiously at his daughter.

Loleta blushed violently at this question, and put her face down on her father's knee before she answered.

"He did not give me an opportunity," she said in a faint voice.

"Is it possible that he went away without alluding to his marked attention to you!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, a slight flush appearing on his cheek.

The only reply she made was a little sob that sounded quite hysterical.

"What could have been the occasion of such conduct? I did not think he was unprincipled!" said Mr. Watson, half inquiringly and half in soliloquy, after he had soothed Loleta somewhat.

"Oh, he's not unprincipled," said Loleta, now able to control her voice,

though it sounded a little hoarse, "He had some good reason for his conduct, I am sure—besides, Papa, you know he is very diffident," she continued.

"I can see a reason," said Mr. Watson, "why he should not have engaged himself to you—he is very young and is not ready to start in life—but I would not expect so young a man to be influenced by such reasons."

"Oh yes, Papa," said Loleta, eagerly, "he is quite thoughtful, I know—and then he is very sensitive and proud." She seemed to have quite recovered her spirits, though her eyes still gave evidence that she had been weeping.

"Possibly that is the explanation," said Mr. Watson, thoughtfully, and then added with emphasis, "He ought, nevertheless, to have made known his future intentions."

"I know that, Papa; but you mustn't judge him harshly," said Loleta, persuasively. "I am sure he is too honorable to trifle with *any one*."

"We shall see," replied Mr. Watson, seeming now quite unconcerned, "he will probably visit Magnol next spring, when his first course of lectures is finished."

"I believe he will," said Loleta, cheerfully.

"I hope so, my child," replied Mr. Watson, with great kindness. "Run away now and don't let this matter make your head ache any more!"

Loleta was almost happy in this hope and kissing her father affectionately she hurried out of the room. As she left the library, the door of which opened into the main hall, whence arose the broad staircase to the upper floor, she came suddenly upon Wilbur.

"Why Sister!" exclaimed he, "where have you been keeping yourself? I haven't seen you before, to day!" Then he put his arm around her waist and took her chin between the fingers of his free hand, the while looking lovingly into her face.

"Oh don't Brother!" she said with affected peevishness and trying to avoid his gaze, "you hurt my chin when you press it in that way."

Wilbur released her, saying, "Well, tell me where you've been all day!

"I have been in my room most of the time," she answered in a careless tone; "I have not been very well."

"You have been crying too!" said Wilbur as if making an accusation, and looking more closely at her, "That wasn't because you were sick, I know."

"How do you know?" asked Loleta, pertly, but good-humoredly.

"Because," said Wilbur, "I never knew you to cry from sickness."

"That's no reason why I may not cry at some time because I'm sick;" she replied, "you say there's no telling what I may do, any moment."

"That's true Sister! You are a queer little minx!" said Wilbur, playfully.

"Well, let 'a queer little minx' get by, will you! I'll be down again directly;" and escaping past him she ran up stairs.

Wilbur always felt a lively interest in anything concerning "Sister." He did not doubt that she was a little unwell now; but she was well enough when she went out riding this morning! "Maybe her ride had something to do with her crying—maybe Father has been giving her a lecture; what about, I wonder!" pondered Wilbur for a second or two. Then he stepped into the

library where he knew he would find his father at this hour.

"Well Wilbur!" said Mr. Watson in salutation, removing his eyes from his newspaper for an instant and looking at his son over his spectacles.

"Father!" replied Wilbur in a soft tone, in return to his father's greeting. He then seated himself by an open window and looked again towards his father who had resumed his reading as soon as he saw who had come into the room.

"Father," said Wilbur, "may I interrupt you a minute?"

"Certainly, my son!" replied Mr. Watson, reading on, "What do you wish to say?"

"I wish to know what Sister has been crying about," he answered.

"Yes;" said Mr. Watson quietly, and looking carelessly at his son, "Loleta has a love affair on hand that she can't manage to suit her, and she's a little hysterical in consequence." Mr. Watson was not at all sentimental.

"But why should that make her hysterical?" asked Wilbur in some surprise.

"Because, explained Mr. Watson, "it has not turned out exactly as she expected and she's a little disappointed."

"But, Father," said Wilbur, "Sister usually has her own way in such matters, I think; I don't understand this."

"Well," explained Mr. Watson further, putting down his paper, "it seems that she has formed a strong attachment for our young friend Graves and he has left the city without, in any way, alluding to the very close attention he has paid her recently."

"Is that the way of it!" exclaimed Wilbur, "Why," he continued, "he

looked so crestfallen when I saw him off to-day that I was quite sorry for him; I felt sure that Sister had given him the mitten too."

"No!" replied Mr. Watson, looking amongst a pile of newspapers and pamphlets that lay on a table near him.

"Surely," persisted Wilbur, "it was his intention to address Sister—that must have been the object of that ride this morning. He must have seen something in her manner that discouraged him—he hasn't much assurance anyhow."

"I have no doubt the young man's intentions are right, and that he will make them known at the proper time," replied Mr. Watson, securing, from the pile, the paper he was searching for.

"I think so myself," returned Wilbur; his confidence in his father's judgment, greatly strengthening his good opinion of his friend. "Yet," he added, "he has not acted as frankly as I could wish."

Mr. Watson's attention had been caught by something in his newspaper; so he made no reply, and Wilbur, having ascertained what he wished to know, did not interrupt him with further questions.

XII.

SYMPTOMS.

The warm season had now fully come and all the citizens of Magnol, who could do so, had either left or were preparing to leave that city for the summer. Those whose business required their daily presence in the town, would go only to points within easy reach by public or private conveyance; while others, with a desire for change

and display, would spend the hot season at watering places, or in moving from point to point through the western or eastern portions of the United States—thus exchanging the soft atmosphere and refreshing south sea-breeze of their own homes for the sweltering summer heats of other sections.

Mr. Watson had a partiality for the "Old Alberte place" as a summer resort, and usually spent the greater part of the hot season there; making it a point of departure for occasional visits to watering places or of pilgrimages to the land of his nativity. He would do as he was accustomed this summer, notwithstanding he was now the proprietor of a marriageable daughter, and everything was, at this time, in readiness for migration to the country home.

Aunt Eunice had been over-busy for several weeks, aided by the servants, in putting the town-mansion in condition to withstand, unassisted, the summer's dust and insects. The carpets were up and packed away in old wine casks, the furniture was shrouded in brown holland; the pictures, ornaments, chandeliers, etc. were draped in pink gauze—on the morrow the family would desert the house until November.

Loleta, in her disturbed state of mind, was glad to escape to the country and from the associations that kept her continually reminded of great pleasures that had ended in painful disappointment. For awhile she was buoyed by the hope that Henry felt towards her as his actions had indicated; she tried hard to hold faith in her father's assurance that the intentions of the loved one were honorable. She trusted that some evidence of his attachment might come any day, in some unforeseen shape, such

as only a faithful knight might find out. But day after day went by and no token came. True Henry had now been gone but a few weeks, yet under the influence of that most impatient of all human passions, love, those few weeks seemed as years to Loleta. She grew sick with hoping and of the uncertainty of the more distant future; so, like the strong and sensible woman she really was, she began, without consulting any one, to try to rid herself of the delusions of that glorious dream from which she had been suddenly and rudely awakened.

With this desire and intention uppermost, the change to "Old Alberte's" was most welcome to her. She was here again in the world of her childhood, where she could intensify her remembrances by going once more over her former favorite walks and rides, and by gathering from familiar trees and shrubs, that had grown up with her, the fruit and flowers of their maturity. Besides, the favorite of all her female friends, sweet Alice DeArman, lived with her mother in the cottage near by; and Loleta gladly monopolized all the time Alice could spare from her domestic duties. She certainly seemed under circumstances favorable to the abolition of her apparently unrequited passion; and she made a most praiseworthy effort to that end. For a time her efforts seemed to be rewarded by success. Her general health, which of late had not been so good as formerly, improved under the influence of the pure air of "Old Alberte's," aided by daily exercise; and her spirits, in consequence, grew greatly better.

Mr. Watson, who, we have already stated, was not sentimental, had at-

tributed Loleta's evident poor health and depression of spirits to the impure air of the city coupled with the dissipation of high life. A change to the country he thought, would put her right again. He had observed her closely since that change and was the more gratified to see her improvement because he thought it verified his opinion of her case. He believed that she would soon be fully herself again. A little time, however, made him aware of his mistake and proved to Loleta that a stay at the old home could neither give the desired indifference nor even be endured longer. Therefore, she one day said to her father while they were alone in his old sitting room, "Papa, I am tired of staying here, I want to go somewhere!" This was spoken in a somewhat whining tone, like that frequently heard from much humored children, and which any young woman can easily imitate.

"Very well, Daughter!" answered Mr. Watson, gently, "You shall go—where will you go?"

"Oh, anywhere!" she replied with an air of great weariness—"to some watering place where we will find a great deal of gayety," she added.

"Will you take a long or a short journey?" asked Mr. Watson.

"Not very long," she answered; "not farther than Virginia, if so far."

"You shall go where you please, my child," said he, "get yourself ready—we will start this day two weeks—you have not much time for preparation."

"Thank you, Papa," replied Loleta, that will be time enough."

It would appear as if Mr. Watson had already been thinking about a journey—had decided to take one and was

himself in readiness for it; else, how could he have fixed the time of starting so promptly and definitely? The truth was, he had determined on a visit to New England this summer and had concluded to start at the time above mentioned. He would be glad to have the company of his children for the whole or a part of the way and, as he proposed to take Aunt Eunice with him to their former home, the establishment at "Old Albert's" would be temporarily broken up. Loleta, however, did not know anything of her father's plans.

"Aunt Eunice, I suppose, will go with us," she said. "She can chaperon me." Loleta smiled as she concluded this remark; but, to her credit be it spoken, she meant what she said, being too proud to think of hiding away from the fashionable world, her plain kinswoman.

"I promised your aunt," said Mr. Watson, in a tranquil manner, "to take her 'on north' this summer; you must stop at the place that suits you and Wilbur can stay with you. If you stop at any of the Virginia Springs we will be sure to find some of our friends there in whose care I can place you."

"That reminds me," replied Loleta, quickly, manifesting considerable interest, "Mrs. Wayup has gone to Greenbrier—she will be glad to be my chaperone, and as an equivalent, I will try to endure Miss Loveless." She said this with great composure.

Mr. Watson smiled and said, "That arrangement will suit very well." So it was settled that Loleta would go to Greenbrier.

The time appointed for starting soon came; the Watson family began their

journey and after an uneventful and tiresome four or five days of travel they reached "the springs." Mr. Watson having placed Loleta, as proposed, in Mrs. Wayup's care, and having taken one day of rest, started again on the pilgrimage to his Mecca, accompanied by Aunt Eunice.

Said Mrs. Wayup to her sister, Miss Loveless, "What do you think! Mr. Watson has left Loleta in my charge—she belongs to our party now."

"Well," replied Miss Loveless, "if she hasn't greatly changed she will not do us much credit."

"Come Sister," said Mrs. Wayup, "do Loleta justice; you know she is really a fine character, only a little too wild sometimes."

"I call her forward and imprudent," snarled Miss Loveless, who disliked all pretty young women; "I hope she may cause no scandal while *we* are here," she added.

"I don't fear that," replied Mrs. Wayup looking sharply at her sister. "I feel very sorry for Loleta because she lost her mother so early in life—I must try to keep an eye upon her and give her a little friendly advice now and then when I think it necessary."

Loleta threw herself with all the energy of her character into the amusements and dissipations of the place. She rode, danced, played billiards, rolled at tenpins, flirted, turned night into day and only a part of the day into night. At times she would show more than her usual vivacity and recklessness—again she would appear dull, would shun company and seem even melancholy.

Mrs. Wayup would resolve at one time to reprove or warn; at another, to

offer sympathy and invite confidence, for she really felt some interest in Loleta; but no suitable opportunity for doing either ever offered.

One morning, some ten days after she came to "the springs," Loleta did not make her appearance at the usual hour for going into the late breakfast. Mrs. Wayup, after waiting for her awhile, went to her room and tapped on the door. Loleta's maid admitted her, when she saw that Loleta had not yet risen.

"Why, you lazy girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayup as she walked to the bedside, "you not up yet!"

"Is that you, Mrs. Wayup?" said Loleta, in a drawling, sleepy tone and not looking towards her visitor. "I have been up," she continued, "but I had to lie down again, I felt so unwell."

"Sick!" said Mrs. Wayup, with some appearance of solicitude, "What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," said Loleta, turning over in bed; "for two or three mornings past I have felt very much nauseated upon rising; but it soon passed off, until this morning, I was so overcome by it that I was obliged to lie down again."

"Shall I send for the physician of the place—I think I had better," said Mrs. Wayup, placing her hand on Loleta's forehead.

"Oh no!" said Loleta, "I think it will soon pass off—I'm not going to take any medicine!" she added in a decisive tone. "I will keep quiet to-day and to-morrow too," she continued, "if I don't feel better."

"Well child; but if you don't get better soon you must see the doctor!" said Mrs. Wayup—"will you have your

breakfast sent to you?"

"Breakfast! Goodness, no! No, thank you, I mean," said Loleta, with a face that indicated a qualm of the disordered organ.

"Well," said Mrs. Wayup quietly, "If I can't do anything for you, I'll go to breakfast myself and come back again directly."

When she had gone, Loleta said to her maid, a prepossessing but pert looking mulatto, "Amy, I want to get up and dress!"

"Yes'um," answered Amy promptly, and seemed to be preparing to lift her mistress from the bed if necessary.

"Go away, Amy! Don't touch me; I don't need any help," said she, fretfully. "Get my slippers."

Amy, with a flirt of her person which she knew her mistress could not see, brought a pair of pretty, velvet, toilet slippers and placed them by the bedside. Loleta was out of bed by this time. She grew very pale and seemed to suffer much on assuming an upright posture; but she persevered in her efforts to remain up.

"Does you feel any better now, Miss 'Leta'?" inquired Amy, sympathizingly, after she had seated her mistress.

"Yes," replied Loleta, "I think I can stay up now." And she added, as she submitted herself to the hands of her maid to have her hair arranged, "Amy don't you pull my hair this morning as you always do!"

"No mum!" answered Amy, but she did not keep her word, for every few minutes, with a scowl and a "You Amy!" Loleta would check the maid's hand.

Loleta and Amy were much attached to each other and the maid rarely found

the mistress unkind or unreasonable; never, probably, save when unwell. She was indeed a kind of connection of Loleta's, a foster-sister, the two having nursed at the same breast during their infancy, at a time when Mrs. Watson was unable to properly perform that duty to her offspring; therefore, Amy was inclined to behave as patiently and as respectfully towards her mistress as her negro nature would allow.

"Amy," said Loleta, in a kind tone, as the girl finished dressing her hair, "have you had your breakfast?"

"Oh, yes'um!" replied Amy, "I eat my breakfast three hours ago." Then imitating the kind manner of her mistress she asked, "Does you feel right yit, Miss Leta?"

"Yes, thank you Amy," she replied, "I don't want any more help now; I want you to go and tell your Mas. Wilbur I wish to see him."

"Yes'um," said Amy quickly and she went off with a pleased face in search of Wilbur.

On her way she would assume first an indifferent or contemptuous and then a coquettish air, as she passed by the numerous well dressed men-servants, who were going hither and thither in the discharge, or neglect, of their various duties. After a considerable search, she found her young master, engaged in a game of billiards, and delivered to him Loleta's message. Wilbur lost no time in obeying the summons; excused himself to his companion; resumed his coat and followed Amy. He was soon in Loleta's presence.

"Good morning Sister," he said, kissing her; "why did you send for me?—Why what's the matter?" he asked with concern, without waiting for an

answer, for he saw that Loleta seemed to have been weeping.

"I am sick Brother," she answered in a steady voice, "and you haven't been to see me to-day;" then added, still reproachfully, "I had to send for you."

"Why Sister, I did not know you were sick!" said Wilbur, in an apologetic tone, "I *was* coming as soon as I finished a game of billiards."

"Very well," replied Loleta, "I'm well enough to forgive you now—I'll tell you," said she, "what I really wanted with you—I'm not at all well, and I am not enjoying myself here—I want to start home to-morrow."

"To-morrow Sister!" exclaimed Wilbur in much surprise.

"Yes, to-morrow!" answered Loleta, wilfully, "I feel uneasy about myself—I know I am strangely afflicted in some way—I want to see Mamma's old doctor."

Now Wilbur wondered much at this freak of his sister's, although he had found her full of odd fancies all his life. "Why Sister," he replied, smiling, "you don't look at all badly—certainly it is not necessary for you to go all the way to Magnol just to see a physician! See the doctor here, they say he is a good one."

"No Brother, I *won't* see him! I must go home and you must go with me," said Loleta, most positively.

Now Wilbur had found Greenbrier a pleasant place at which to spend the warm weather and would gladly have remained awhile longer, but he was accustomed to indulge "sister" before he indulged himself; so he answered, as he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and straightened himself

out upon his chair, "Well, if you will go, Sister, you will! That's your way."

"Yes, my brother has completely spoiled me," replied Loleta, smiling and looking at him affectionately. "Now I want you to go," she continued, "the first thing you do, and telegraph to Papa that we will leave here to-morrow for home."

"Very well," said Wilbur; "but you'll be sorry you went home so soon."

"Well, Alice *won't* be," said Loleta, with a mischievous look at her brother.

"That's another matter," answered he, with a smile and he slightly colored. Then, without more ado, he went to see about sending the despatch to Mr Watson, and concerning the needed preparations for to-morrow's journey.

There was quite a stir among the young guests at Greenbrier when it was known that the wealthy and popular Miss Watson would go away on the morrow. They all managed to be punctual in attendance, next day, at the time of starting to bid her and Wilbur *bon voyage*.

"Loleta Watson certainly behaves very strangely!" said Mrs. Wayup to Miss Loveless, five minutes after she had kissed Loleta and bidden her good-by.

"I'm never surprised at anything she does," replied Miss Loveless.

The black, bright-ribbed, hissing engine, its eye ablaze, jerking heedlessly and swiftly its helpless burden through the mountain gaps and valleys in its path—now in sight, now lost to view—with whiff of smoke and un-

earthly scream, seemed, as it bore our young friends away, like some demoniac monster dragging his powerless, senseless victim, in wanton, cruel "hide and seek," behind the hills and over the plains, to a terrible and inevitable doom.

XIII.

DIAGNOSIS.

Wilbur had recently noticed that in Loleta which had given him no special concern until their return journey from Virginia. What he noticed was that she was much more easily affected to tears than was her wont; that, although she seemed in fair health, she was some paler than was natural to her. Moreover, her disposition had so changed, that, from being continually cheerful and frequently vivacious, she had become silent, was disposed to be gloomy—exhibited her characteristic liveliness but rarely and then in a greatly exaggerated form. She was, as a physician would say, in "the hysterical condition;" but Wilbur knew not the name for her indisposition. She was in the way that leads to the peculiar organic derangements common to her sex; or to that state constituting the broken-heart of romance writers. This condition, physical, had been brought about by a mental cause of a depressing nature, which had resulted in a want of tone in the nervous system, again as a physician would express it. Wilbur now saw this change in his sister quite plainly. He had observed something of it previously, as we have already stated; but he thought the stay at "the springs" had quite banished it, until he discovered to the

contrary on the day she had announced her wish to return to Magnol immediately.

He knew to what to attribute Loleta's mental and physical disorder. It had its commencement on the day that Henry left Magnol; he had seen the first of it in the marks of tears on her face that day. He now had a growing sense of irritation and resentment when he thought of Henry as the author of his sister's suffering, and a feeling of suppressed anger, at times, against Loleta for showing, what seemed to him, great weakness. Wilbur felt that neither the services of Dr. Catling, nor of any other physician, could be of any avail—the case was such as “Therein the patient must minister unto himself”—herself in this instance. Yet, in compliance with Loleta's request, he repaired on the day they reached Magnol, to Dr. Catling's office to ask him to visit his sister at his earliest convenience.

Dr. Catling after having met Dr. Klinepille at “Old Alberte's,” on the day of Loleta's poisoning exploit, had written to Mr. Watson, declining to have “Any further professional intercourse with a family where he was liable to be brought in contact, even into consultation, with a person practicing that form of quackery styled Homœopathy”—the doctor's prejudices and anger ran away with him sometimes.

Wilbur did not, however, hesitate, under the present circumstances to call upon Dr. Catling; for he did not doubt that he would come at the bidding of Loleta, who was a great favorite with him, both for her own and her mother's sake. Furthermore, he could assure

the doctor of the exclusion of Dr. Klinepille and of the absence of his aversion, Aunt Eunice.

But all the difficulties attending Wilbur's errand were removed without his agency, for Dr. Catling, he found, had left the city for a few weeks vacation, a somewhat unusual proceeding with him, and one at which his non-paying patients, more particularly, complained exceedingly. He would probably not be back for a month or so, his man of business stated.

Loleta was greatly disappointed; but declined to call any other physician, although Wilbur urged her to do so. She continued to be affected daily, in the morning on rising from bed, as she had been just before leaving Greenbrier; yet, she would recover during the day and could then take food with a fair appetite. However, she was far from appearing in or regaining her usual health. She no longer took horseback rides and did not seek the companionship of Alice DeArman as frequently as formerly, though she still kept up a friendly intercourse with her. Most of her acquaintances were absent from their homes, but if any of those remaining, male or female, called, she commonly excused herself from seeing them. She had become quite melancholy, read much and took solitary walks through the woodland contiguous to “Old Alberte's.”

Amy was still in attendance upon her young mistress, but so little was now required of her in that capacity that she had fallen, naturally, into the position of supernumerary housemaid, and in the round of her accustomed duty had, one morning, collected a large basket of clothing which she

bore with difficulty to the laundry, to place in the hands of Aunt Dilsy, the family laundress.

"What you got dar, Gal?" asked the fat, lazy and censorious looking Aunt Dilsy.

"De close," answered Amy, depositing the basket, with a grunt, upon a large deal table.

"Lord knows you got a nuff ov um!" said Aunt Dilsy as she indolently overturned the basket and began to look over and assort the clothing preparatory to discharging the functions of her office.

"Dey aint no more'n common," replied the pert Amy, as if disposed to contend for the point.

Dilsy did not reply to, or seem to notice, Amy's answer, but carelessly continued the inspection of the task before her. Amy looked on in silence for a few minutes, when she said, with a comically serious countenance, so congenial to the negro, "Yo Mis. Leta tole yo Mis. Amy to tell de washerwoman dat de muslins want done up good las week."

Old Dilsy looked sidewise at the saucy waiting maid and replied with good humored sarcasm, "I say Mis. Amy! You yaller niggers git mighty grand let you see inside de parlor once or twice."

Amy being effectually silenced but not in the least ruffled in temper, continued to watch Dilsy to the conclusion of her preliminary arrangements of her day's work. Dilsy was soon at leisure for a short time and, as these visits of Amy to her dominion were favorite seasons for a comfortable chat, when she could gratify her curiosity to know what was going on in "the house," she

lost no time in taking advantage of the present occasion. They had talked for awhile, when Dilsy became silent and seemed to be pondering deeply upon something which had come into her mind. Then lifting up her face and looking meaningly at the maid she asked, "Amy, what de matter with Mis. Leta?"

"I dunno!" answered Amy, shortly and with an air of indifference.

"Umph!" grunted old Dilsy, "She sick at her stomach every morning, aint she?"

"Yes," returned Amy, absently, evidently not seeing any aim in Dilsy's question.

But Dilsy was determined to get Amy's attention and she certainly succeeded, if the countenance is any index of the state of the mind, for the maid's face, as Dilsy talked to her, gradually assumed that ashen hue peculiar to the negro, no matter of what shade of color, when under the influence of great fear. The remainder of the conversation was carried on in a low tone, and all that any listener could have heard was this conclusion, "You better mind!" said Amy, quickly and with emphasis, "Old Master and Mas. Wilbur kill you ef dey hear you think dat!"

"Dey aint gwine to hear me; I got sense!" replied Dilsy with a nod of her head to one side.

The reader will please imagine what *diagnosis* these African gossips had made of "Mis. Leta's disease."

Truly has it been said, that our reputations are at the mercy of our domestics! But a short time after the above conversation, those members of Loleta's social circle, who were spending the summer in the vicinity of Magnol,

(those well bred people, superior to the vulgarity of listening to, much less of crediting or repeating scandalous reports coming through servants) were busy in undertone conversations discussing Loleta Watson's poor health; her secluded mode of life recently; *her indiscretion*. Soult took particular delight in ascertaining if everybody had "heard of it." Letters, confidential, were written to Mrs. Wayup and Miss Lovelless, at Greenbrier, by which means those ladies were enabled to understand *a great many things* they had noticed in Loleta—were enabled, in other words also to make a *diagnosis*.

Thus matters stood on the arrival home of Mr. Watson and Aunt Eunice, an event which succeeded the return of Loleta and Wilbur several weeks. Wilbur's despatch to his father from "the springs" had been carefully worded so as to create no apprehension on Loleta's account. It implied, merely, that she was already tired of Greenbrier and would start home to-morrow accompanied by himself. Subsequently a letter from "Old Alberte's," informed Mr. Watson of the safe arrival there of his children and urged him not to hasten his homeward journey; therefore he and Aunt Eunice had returned at their leisure.

When Mr. Watson met Loleta he noticed some change in her, not enough, however, to cause him any uneasiness. He still held to his theory for explaining the fact of her being a little out of health—"City air and city life had caused her health to fall somewhat below par at the beginning of the warm weather; the cool weather of the autumn and winter would restore her." Consequently, he did not suggest call-

ing a physician, but was waiting patiently for the return of cool weather.

Aunt Eunice was like a mariner at sea without a compass when she began her investigation of Loleta's case; (it will be remembered that she was excluded from her confidence) nevertheless, by means of observation and inquiry, she was soon in possession of facts which at first gave some light, but finally led to greater perplexity and uneasiness. She tried hard to persuade Loleta to see Dr. Klinepille, but she persistently declined. Finally, Aunt Eunice sent for the doctor and told Loleta what she had done.

"I suppose I must see him when he comes," said Loleta, "but he must not repeat his visit—I am not going to take any of his medicine!" She said this very emphatically.

Aunt Eunice cared little whether or not she took medicine; what she wished was, to know what was the matter with her niece, and she proposed to get an opinion on this point from a physician in whose wisdom she had unbounded confidence.

Dr. Klinepille came. As usual, there was no bustle about the man. He came with his accustomed easy, self-possessed, insinuating manner. As he had not seen Aunt Eunice for some time, he showed more than ordinary cordiality in his greeting. "Who is my patient?" he inquired, as soon as the customary compliments had been exchanged.

"I have sent for you to see my niece, Doctor," answered Aunt Eunice, primly.

"I am fortunate in having so interesting a patient," replied he with a slight bow; then, before he could be

interrupted, he continued, "You understand something of examining patients by our method—what seems to be the matter with her?"

"Yes Doctor," assented Aunt Eunice, obviously feeling complimented; "but this case is a *kind-o-puzzle* to me—though I *guess* I know part of the trouble."

"Yes?" said the doctor, inquiringly, and he waited and watched closely as Aunt Eunice continued; "I don't think, Doctor, my niece got through with the *moral effects of that Aconite** for a long while—you remember her poisoning and what you told us to expect?" Aunt Eunice emphasized her remark with a very sagacious look.

Dr. Klinepille listened with an immovable countenance and did not interrupt; so Aunt Eunice continued, "She was *kind-o-giddy* and reckless in her conduct for a good while after—now she's *kind-o-down* spirited and *out-o-fix*, and I *guess* that's because the effect of the medicine's passed off." She again looked very shrewdly at her auditor when she had concluded giving her opinion in the case.

The doctor did not smile at her conceit; but with a thoughtful manner and a soliloquizing tone, said, "Let me see—that accident happened about nine months ago."

"I *should judge* about that long ago," said Aunt Eunice, looking as if eager to assist the doctor to a declaration of opinion.

"The conclusion you have arrived at," said Dr Klinepille, speaking very deliberately, "is an entirely legitimate

one, reasoning from the 'proved' moral effects of Aconite; though the symptoms you mention are only akin to those enumerated by the authorities.

The difficulty in the way of accepting your view of the cause of Miss Watson's indisposition is that you suppose the effects of the poisoning to have lasted for too long a time. No doubt though, any moral symptoms you may have noticed, for a few days after the accident occurred, were due to the Aconite.

Aunt Eunice looked gratified, but the doctor did not give her an opportunity for saying anything. He proceeded, "But, Miss Watson, (Aunt Eunice cleared her throat and tried to look young; we believe she had a matrimonial eye on the doctor.) you have neglected to remember one of the prime principles of our system, which is; to ignore causes of disease. All we need or want to know, is, what are the external symptoms—what is their totality? † When we know that much we are satisfied. These Allopaths or *mongrels*, as Hahnemann calls them, must use Microscopes, Stethoscopes, Laryngoscopes, Ophthalmoscopes, Endoscopes, Spectroscopes, Specula, Thermometers, make *post-mortem* examinations, and I don't know what all, to get at internal causes that do not exist in any *material* form. We, after we know the totality of the external symptoms, prescribe—next, what do we give? Why, we give that medicine which comes the nearest to causing, in a person in perfect health, a similar assemblage of symptoms to the totality observed in the patient. You have often seen the mi-

* See Jahr's Manual of Homœopathic Medicine.

† See chapter 5th, this book.

raculous cures wrought by such practice?" said he, abruptly winding up his oration.

"I have indeed!" answered Aunt Eunice, who had been listening very attentively, "And I am truly thankful to Homœopathy for keeping me from all those dreadful 'scopes' and other things you mentioned awhile ago."

The doctor, finding time was slipping away to little purpose, asked if he could see his patient.

"Certainly, Doctor, I'll tell her to come in," answered Aunt Eunice, rising to go in search of Loleta.

"She is not confined to her bed, then?" asked the doctor.

"Oh no!" replied she, and disappeared through the door of the sitting-room, whither the doctor had been shown on his arrival.

"A chronic case," thought Dr. Klinepille; and in deep meditation he awaited the coming of his patient.

Loleta sat in an easy chair, in her Aunt's apartment, reading a remarkable romance, which was then new. It was "Adam-Bede," and she very reluctantly turned from the sorrows of "pretty Hetty Sorrel" to face only a very commonplace annoyance of her own. Laying aside her book, she followed her Aunt with a languid step and wearing a dreamy expression of countenance. Loleta would keep her word with her Aunt—she would see Dr. Klinepille once and only once. She would also keep her word to herself—she would take none of his medicine. But she went beyond the spirit of her agreement in some particulars, for she met the doctor with easy politeness and readily answered his numberless questions, though she gave evi-

dence of growing impatience several times during the inquisition, when he would turn his eyes from her, for a moment, to a little pocket tablet upon which he made a careful record of both queries and answers.*

Dr. Klinepille noticed immediately on meeting Loleta that she was some paler than was natural with her and that there was a faint, dark discoloration around the eyes. He made a note of these facts. He then interrogated her as to her sensations, when waking or sleeping; as to her state of mind, whether depressed or exalted; inquired into the condition of her appetite and digestion; asked whether or not she suffered any pain; if so, where seated, in head, hands, feet or other part of the body? He was very careful to ascertain her habits, as to sleeping, eating and exercising. His examination was a most searching one and Loleta frequently felt an annoyance which she with difficulty concealed. It seemed to her as if this questioner would ask that which in the answer would expose her very heart secret.

Finally, the inquest was over and the doctor said politely, "I am very much obliged to you, Miss Watson, for your prompt and intelligent answers; I will trouble you no more at this time."

"Nor at any other," thought Loleta, "if I can find any means of ridding myself of you." She felt not a little resentment at some of the questions he had asked.

Dr. Klinepille, having looked over what he had written, turned to Aunt

* See Hahnemann's Organon, page 150, § 104 and 102; also § 84 and 82.

Eunice, who had been silent and very attentive during the examination, and said, "The totality of Miss Watson's symptoms point to a regiminal course of treatment—her hours of sleep, of reading and exercise must be carefully regulated—suitable food and cheerful company must be provided and she must use the medicine I will send, during the day, in the way I will now direct."

Aunt Eunice heard all Dr. Klinepille said to her; but her attention flagged once or twice as she gave a quick, uneasy glance at her niece, who, she saw, would not much longer control her impatience. There was a mischief-meaning, mocking light in Loleta's eye, which Aunt Eunice well knew preceded some wilful and reckless speech or action.

"The medicine I shall send," continued the self-satisfied doctor, "will consist of one globule or small pill contained in a vial—you must be careful not to shake the vial† (the doctor's face was very grave as he said this); you must apply this vial, uncorked, to each nostril twice, smelling the globule thoroughly each time.‡ This process must be gone through twice a week, which, I think"—the doctor now addressed himself more particularly to Loleta—"will soon restore you to health—" He would have said more, but an appearance of half suppressed amusement which he saw in Loleta's face, caused him to pause and look at her inquiringly.

She did not make him wait long for an explanation. "Am I to have *only* a

smell of my medicine, Doctor?" she asked.

"That is all," replied the doctor, on his dignity and much annoyed, "it is one of the most powerful forms in which medicines are ever administered."

"Indeed!" said Loleta, throwing off all restraint, "Well then, Doctor, I shall ask Papa to pay you for your services by allowing you only a *smell* of the money."*

Loleta's face now wore a laughing expression which had been a stranger to it for many a day. She had risen as she spoke, and before the doctor could recover from his surprise at her rudeness, and before Aunt Eunice's consternation would enable her to say anything she had, with a bow, gone out of the room.

Dr. Klinepille, when he had sufficiently collected himself to feel the full force of Loleta's sarcasm, whitened with anger, but remained silent.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!!" exclaimed Aunt Eunice as soon as she could speak, "Please Doctor, you *wunt* notice that!"

"Oh, it's of no consequence," replied Dr. Klinepille, endeavoring to regain his self-possession—"but how came she to send for me—she does not seem to be a believer in our system?"

"No, it's all my fault, Doctor! I sent for you—I had my idea about the cause of her odd sickness and 'Brother' (Mr. Watson) laughed at me—so I sent for you to decide—now, you see, it's all my fault."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," replied the doctor again, adding "We *must* get into false positions now and then."

† See Organon, page 225, note 1. And page 216, note 1.

‡ See Organon, page 225, note 2.

* See Simpson's Homeopathy—its tenets and tendencies.

Dr. Klinepille was by this time quite lifted his eyes from the tablet, he sent himself again, a keen inquiring glance at Aunt Eunice. Extreme simplicity was all he saw depicted there.

"Oh, I'm so glad you *wunt* be offend-ed!" said Aunt Eunice, soothingly. "Now that's settled, Doctor," she continued, "I wish you to tell me particularly what to do for my niece—she's really very much *out-o-fix*."

"What is't Doctor?" asked Aunt Eunice in response to the doctor's glance. The doctor, however, was not ready to reply—he had reached a very unexpected and terrible *diagnosis*, and was pondering over, "What must I do with this fact?" So he remained silent for awhile and then spoke with some hesitation and cautiously. He said, "Your addition to the symptoms changes the totality completely and shows Miss Watson's condition to be not one of disease, but a *natural state*."

"I think it will be of no use—I presume she will not do anything you wish her to do," said the doctor with some asperity and by way of escaping from giving any further advice.

"Oh, I *guess* I can manage that—just you tell me what to do!" answered Aunt Eunice; then, as if recollecting something she had intended to say, she added, "But Doctor, you didn't get *all* of the symptoms."

"Yes, Doctor?" queried Aunt Eunice in a surprised tone and with a puzzled expression of countenance, while she waited for him to explain further.

"No?" said the doctor, inquiringly, "what did I miss?" and he began to look over the written list on his tablet. Dr. Klinepille looked greatly disturbed. He finally said, "This examination, Miss Watson, makes me, against my will, the keeper of a family secret."

Aunt Eunice enumerated several symptoms in succession, and each time she would mention one the doctor's pencil point would descend on the tablet with a little click, and he would say softly, "Yes, I have that here."

Aunt Eunice seemed actually to enjoy recapitulating all the indications of disease which the doctor had elicited in his recent examination. Finally, however, she did succeed in calling to his attention an important symptom which had been overlooked.

Aunt Eunice was filled with wonder. What could Dr. Klinepille mean! She began to consider the significance of the symptoms she had enumerated coupled with what the doctor had said. She was not long in knowing his meaning. With a frightened face she said, "Doctor, it is not possible!"

"I would be glad to think so," said he with a manner showing some trepidation; "but I assure you we have a secret to keep—the Homœopathic method of investigation cannot deceive!"†

"You think then," asked Aunt Eunice, with a stupefied air, "my niece is ruined?"

† See Organon, § 6 and 7, and note from Rau.

"I think she is ruined," replied the doctor, firmly; "but," he added, "the secret is safe so far as I am concerned."

Aunt Eunice made no answer. The horrible announcement seemed to have destroyed her power of speech. She followed the doctor to the front and bowed mechanically, without speaking, as he took his leave. She then sat down upon a settee in the hall and appeared like one in a state of somnambulism, so unconscious she seemed of the world around her. She was thinking of this frightful discovery—of the fearful, unmerciful blow that was about to be dealt her noble brother in his declining years. She was thinking if she might hide his daughter's deadly sin from him. She was thinking who might be the doer of this great wrong. Irresistibly, circumstantial evidence led her to suspect Henry Graves. Then it was plain to her why Loleta had drooped—she remembered that it was only since *his* departure!



XIV.

SOME RESULTS OF THE DIAGNOSIS.

It was now the middle of September, a month which, on account of its high temperature, is classed in this latitude with those of summer. Mr. Watson went through his round of daily habits in a happy state of ignorance of the coming grief that could bow his frame and blanch his iron gray locks. He drove to the city daily, in the morning, spent there a few hours in looking into the little business transacting at this dull and sleepy season of the year; then returned, bringing his mail or other reading matter for his amusement or employment during the remainder of

the day. He smoked, took his nap after dinner, was, altogether, getting through the remnant of the hot season quite comfortably. He did not see so much of Loleta now as formerly. Either the trip to Virginia and "north," or the afternoon nap had temporarily broken up her habit of coming to him at the usual hour. However, she still came occasionally, when they could be alone, and then would sit silently near him, or talk as of old. She was, though, commonly in a gloomy and unsocial state of mind, preferring to spend her time in her own company. She felt confident that the life of an ascetic was far from being an undesirable one; and wondered if she would repent the irrevocable step, ever, were she to take the nun's veil and thus shut herself off forever from the world. Once, one of her ancestors on the Alberte side had become a 'Sister of Mercy,' dropping her real name and spending her life apart from her family and dying in seclusion. Was her's not a wise example to follow! Loleta thought so, but was not yet in a proper frame of mind to imitate her ancestor's remarkable behavior. Her unhappiness grew daily and life, she felt, was fast losing all its attractions.

One day, a few weeks after Dr. Klinepille's extraordinary diagnosis, as Loleta passed near her father he thought he noticed a something uncommon in her appearance, in the *expression* of her form, it seemed to lack its accustomed symmetry; her step was less elastic; her gait more awkward. He was not certain there was any change, yet it seemed to him there was. "I have been neglecting my daughter" he soliloquized, reproachfully; "her seeming

slight derangement of health is serious. There must be some diseased condition here peculiar to her sex, such as, I have heard physicians say, may attack the maiden as well as the matron. Poor child!" he thought with heart-wringing sympathy, "She has been suffering unpitied and unrelieved, because she has had no mother to take her troubles to, or who would have, intuitively, been swift to detect any departure from the normal state—Eunice has been derelict, I must see her at once—Dr Catling must have returned to the city by this time—he must be consulted immediately—if he has not yet returned, since Loleta prefers him to any other physician, he must be telegraphed for; he would, no doubt, come at once, since Mary Coulston's only daughter stands in need of his services."

Blessed, indeed, is man in that divine decree which forbids his knowing even the near future—which shuts out all frightful *tableau-vivant* foreshadowings in the misty "to come"—which even softens apprehension of evil by a veil of uncertainty and by cheerful hope!

In consequence of this most wise decree Mr. Watson had, like most men, passed through life in the enjoyment of a reasonable amount of happiness. The only great trouble of his life had been the loss of his beloved and devoted wife, and he still mourned over her untimely end. Yet, there remained to him much to cheer him and to render his life happy—he had a manly son, who had fulfilled the promise of his youth—he had a lovely, accomplished and affectionate daughter of whom he was justly proud—he had, besides, suf-

ficient wealth, and, above all, an unblemished character. By and by—he allowed himself to dream—by and by, both his children would marry—Wilbur would, no doubt, have an establishment of his own—but Loleta, his darling Loleta! she would still live with him, and her little, bright eyed children—Bless them!—they would hang on his easy chair and sit upon his old knees. Ah! then he would live his life over again without its struggles.

A beautiful dream! But it is ended and the dreamer now awakens to a fearful reality!

Mr. Watson sought Aunt Eunice, who walked, at this hour of sunset, amid the flowers, shrubs and shadows of "Old Alberte's." She started when her brother came unexpectedly upon her and looked anxious when she saw the troubled expression of his face. The tall, broad shouldered, ruddy cheeked, corpulent gentleman walked by the side of his swarthy faced, stout and squat maiden sister.

"Eunice," said Mr. Watson, breaking silence, "have you noticed Loleta much of late?"

Aunt Eunice was startled again at this question, but her brother did not perceive it. Her answer was simply, "Yes!"

"What is the matter with her?" he asked; "Some woman's trouble, I suppose?" Mr. Watson knew no other way of alluding to any sexual derangement. There was a hesitation in Aunt Eunice's manner as she answered, with her eyes on the ground, "Yes, Hezekiah! It is some woman's trouble."

"Well, why haven't you told me sooner, for you seemed to know? Why haven't you had a physician to see

her?" Mr. Watson asked these questions in some surprise and a little brusquely.

Aunt Eunice took hold of her brother's arm and he felt her grasp tremble.

"I did call a physician," she said in a cold, hard tone. "Dr. Klinepille was to see her near a month ago."

"Well couldn't he relieve her?" asked Mr. Watson, impatiently, "Why was nothing said to me of the matter?"

"Ah, Hezekiah!" replied Aunt Eunice, in a sad, earnest voice and looking sorrowfully into her brother's face, "I wish you could never know anything of 'the matter.'"

He felt her holding tightly to his arm.

"Eunice, what do you mean!" asked he, showing much uneasiness, "Has she some incurable disease?"

"No, Brother," answered Aunt Eunice, in the same sorrowful tone, "I wish that was all the trouble."

"Look here, Eunice!" said Mr. Watson, with a tone and mien of mingled anger and fear, "What *do* you mean?" and he withdrew his arm from his sister and now stood facing her. "Tell me at once!" he added.

"Oh, Brother!" she cried, passionately, "I hoped I might be spared telling you this—our Loleta would be better dead—she is ruined!"

"Eunice!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, "You think such a thing of Loleta! Who would dare approach her with improper purpose?"

"Ah, Hezekiah!" said she, avoiding a direct answer; "we have allowed Loleta too much liberty—it has caused her to be too free and imprudent in behavior."

"She has *not* been so!" replied Mr. Watson, sharply. Then he added in a more quiet tone, "She comes of stock, on both sides, that can be fully trusted."

"I do not doubt that, Hezekiah; but I know that Loleta has brought disgrace upon you," said Aunt Eunice firmly.

Mr. Watson lost color and trembled violently. "Eunice," he replied in a husky voice, "you must not hold such a thought as that for a moment—I am astonished that your doctor should have *dared* to give such an opinion."

"He could not help it, Brother!" she answered, "He was obliged to tell me what Loleta's symptoms meant."

"The man is a fool!" exclaimed Mr. Watson. "Why, Eunice, the idea is absurd! No man would have dared to take advantage of Loleta's youth and imprudence; he would naturally have sought to marry her, rather."

"Hezekiah," replied Aunt Eunice, steadfastly, "you are mistaken! You would not say that if you knew what Loleta's symptoms are. Young men are thoughtless and frequently unprincipled," she continued; "they will commit a rash act and run away from the consequences—they 'wunt' make wives of imprudent women—I 'guess' young Graves would not."

Mr. Watson fairly staggered when his sister finished speaking. "God help us, Eunice!" he said in a suppressed, frightened tone, "Could my child have been so wicked!"

He was silent for a few moments when he brightened a little and asked, looking wishfully into Aunt Eunice's face, "Eunice, have you questioned Loleta at all?"

"No, Brother, I have left that for you to do."

"I will believe nothing of this unless Loleta tells me it is true!" said Mr. Watson, most positively. You go and tell her I want to see her in my study immediately," he added, with more sternness in his manner than Aunt Eunice had ever seen before.

While she went quickly away to obey the command, Mr. Watson followed in the direction of the house at a slower pace. His hands held each other firmly behind him, his form was bent somewhat forward and his face looked upon the ground. It was an anxious face and much older than when it came out of the house half an hour ago. His daughter, he believed, could not have gone so far astray, though appearances were evidently strongly against her. Had not such been the case Eunice would not, for a moment, have doubted her, he reasoned. Then another troublesome thought came to him—had not appearances been such as to arouse suspicion in the minds of others—the servants, for instance—the women servants especially! He thought it must be so—possibly even now the scandalous tongue of the gossip, prompted by envy and malice, was busy with the fair fame of his much loved daughter. A flash of hot anger kindled in his gentle eye as he thought of these lying, cowardly people; but he could not then, and never would, know who they were.

With this too heavy load upon him he reached the house. Objects were still distinguishable in his room, though the twilight was fast giving way to night. He dropped heavily into his

accustomed seat and reclined his head wearily against its cushioned back.

A servant came in and asked if he must bring lights. The "no" he received for answer, was spoken in such a changed, hollow voice that it attracted the servant's attention, who wondered if "*old marster*" was sick, though he did not stop to inquire.

Mr. Watson had not waited long before he heard the rustle of Loleta's dress. He had his face slightly towards her as she entered, and when she came near to him and made as if to put her hand over his face, in the old affectionate way, he prevented her, saying, "Sit down there a moment, I want to speak to you!"

His voice sounded strangely to her—there was a tone of authority in it to which she was little accustomed. She obeyed, mechanically, and awaited the explanation. She tried to see the expression of her father's face, but could not, owing to the dimness of the light.

Mr. Watson soon broke the silence, "Loleta," he said, in a gentle but husky tone, "I have been to you an affectionate and indulgent father and have tried to bring you up aright; give me proof of it now by telling me the whole truth."

"Why Papa, I never told you an untruth in my life!" answered Loleta, in amazement and alarm, feeling that something very terrible must be the matter.

"I believe you never have, my child," said Mr. Watson; "now then, answer me—*has there been any improper intercourse between you and Henry Graves?*"

The blood flew to Loleta's face and an angry glow was on her cheek in an instant; though she did not suspect the full meaning of her father's

question. "What do you mean, Papa; I don't think I understand you!" she answered in an indignant and injured tone.

Mr. Watson replied firmly, "I mean what I say; but I will make it plainer. *Has there been anything of a criminal nature between you and Henry Graves?*"

Had Loleta received a painful bodily wound she would not have started up more suddenly. "Papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "*you* ask me such a question as that! Who would dare to suspect such a thing!"

"That we may not know, my child," said Mr. Watson, sadly—"but no one shall *dare say it* with impunity—come to Father and forgive him for asking such a question! You have been cruelly slandered, my daughter."

"Oh Papa, is it so!" said Loleta in a subdued voice and she seemed stunned for an instant by the announcement. Then putting her arms around her father's neck, as she sat upon his knee, she began to sob passionately and hid her face upon his bosom.

"There now Pet!" said Mr. Watson, soothingly, but with tears in his own eyes—"it cuts Father to the heart to see you grieve so—you don't care what any one thinks, so Papa loves you, do you?" She seemed to him a child once more.

Loleta grew calmer and presently could control her voice sufficiently to say, "I do not care so much on my own account, Papa—I fear I have always cared too little what people might think or say—it's because it pains you so."

"Never mind me, my child;" said Mr. Watson, just a little wearily, "you will

only seem the nearer to me now; we will live all this scandal down."

Then they sat in silence; Loleta with her head still resting on her father's breast, her arms around his neck—while he, embracing her, leaned back in his easy chair. Both seemed to be thinking. Thus they sat for some minutes.

Then Loleta felt her father's form shrink under her weight—his arm relaxed its hold around her waist and fell by the side of the chair. At the same moment she noticed that his breathing was noisy—the lips and cheeks seemed to flap as he breathed and made a snoring sound, like one in an uncomfortable slumber. Could her father have fallen asleep so suddenly! She put her hand to his face—it was too dark, now, to know how to place it upon his forehead—the skin was clammy with perspiration. She shook him gently and called to him in a frightened tone—she found she could not arouse him—he was perfectly insensible! She gave two piercing shrieks that brought the servants, some bearing lights, others not, running into the room.

All was now confusion and fear at "Old Alberte's."

Let us return to Aunt Eunice for a few minutes, before we close the chapter.

After leaving Mr. Watson she went to Loleta's room where she found her niece and Wilbur sitting together and quietly talking.

Wilbur was off his good breeding, for he lounged upon his chair, which was tipped on its hind legs. As soon as he saw Aunt Eunice, he quickly

straightened himself up, arose and said, "Here Aunt, take my chair."

"No," said Aunt Eunice, scarcely noticing his courtesy. "Loleta," she continued, "your father *wants you should* come to his sitting-room." She said this with some austerity in her tone.

Loleta noticed this and so did Wilbur, but neither made any remark in relation to it then.

"You say Papa wants me to come to his study?" inquired Loleta, with affected carelessness.

"Yes, he is waiting for you," replied she, very much in the same manner, she had at first spoken.

Loleta was a little annoyed at her Aunt's somewhat uncivil address, but she did not show it, nor stop to inquire what her father wanted, although she was on the point of doing so. She went to him without delay.

When she had gone Wilbur said, "Aunt, is there anything the matter?"

"Why do you ask?" replied his Aunt, stiffly.

"Why, I thought there was something unusual in your manner when you spoke to Sister."

Aunt Eunice was silent for a moment. She thought to herself; he will know it soon, anyway—he has a right to know it now—I will tell him. "Yes," she answered, "there is something very far wrong, Wilbur, and it will greatly trouble you when I tell you what it is."

Wilbur listened in surprise, but said carelessly, "What is it, Aunt?"

"It is about Loleta," said Aunt Eunice, coming close to Wilbur and speaking in a low tone, as she looked into his face.

"Well, what is it 'about Loleta'?" asked Wilbur, a little frostily and showing much more interest.

"Loleta is ruined—a disgrace to herself and family," said the old maid, bitterly, and letting her voice fall to a whisper.

"Aunt!" exclaimed Wilbur, "Don't say that, it is not true!"

"It is true!" said she, in the same whispered tone—"Your father has sent for her now to make her confess with her own lips."

"Aunt!" replied Wilbur, excitedly, "you are out of your head! No one would venture to act improperly with sister. I am surprised at Father!" he added, with a firm, confident air.

"You have not thought how far your *young friend* Graves might have ventured," said Aunt Eunice, coldly.

Wilbur started and turned pale—Sister loved *him*, he thought, and Graves has acted very singularly—Sister has not been the same since he left us—could he be a villian! Aunt Eunice looked out of the window with a troubled face; while Wilbur looked down in thought; the fearful truth coming gradually into his mind. Just at this moment Loleta's shrieks rang through the house. Aunt Eunice turned suddenly to him and said, in a smothered, hissing tone, "Do you hear that! She is guilty!"

Wilbur, with a face now deathly white, groaned, "My poor Sister!" and fled from the apartment.

He went through a door which led to his own room adjoining Loleta's—he paused there a moment—he heard the confusion caused by the servants running to and fro and supposed they had been startled by Loleta's cries. He took

up a small mahogany box that lay on his bureau (it was a pistol case) and wrapping it in a newspaper which he drew from his pocket, he retained it in his hand. He next provided himself with a travelling shawl and then passed out through another doorway into the yard. Hastening to the stable he, without assistance, saddled his mare and mounting rode off at a walk towards the city in utter ignorance of the real state of affairs at his home.

Aunt Eunice, standing perplexed as to what she ought to do, was aroused to action by a little negro servant bursting into the room and exclaiming, "Mis. Eunus. 'Ole Marster dyin in 'he settin room!"

XV.

ABOUT MEDICAL SCHOOLS AND AN INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.

Henry Graves in leaving Magnol could not leave behind either his pleasant memories of the place, or that tender passion that possessed him while there. Although he was of an affectionate nature and felt a strong attachment for his family, yet the prospect of soon being restored to kindred and to the friends of his boyhood brought far less pleasure than it would have under other circumstances. His mind instead of dwelling on the near future, thought only of the recent past. His aim, now, was to place himself, as quickly as possible, in a position that would make it seem not presumptuous in him to ask Loleta Watson in marriage. A young man with a learned title attached to his name, and holding a degree conferred by an honored institution, would, he thought, seem, both in the eyes of Loleta and her family,

a far more important person than the mere student of medicine.

Feeling thus, as a matter of course, the time he spent at home in waiting for the opening of the lecture season, seemed very long and very tiresome; although there was much gayety during the summer amongst the young people of Warlock and its vicinity. The picnics, the "Fourth of July" gatherings and the bright eyes of the country belles had all lost their attractions for him.

But time flies, no matter how it may seem to move, and the first of September, the time at which Henry proposed to start for the great city where he would attend medical lectures, was soon at hand.

A stage-coach and rail-road journey of some six days duration brought him to this noted medical centre. On reaching his destination he found it would be two weeks yet before the beginning of what are termed "introductory" or "preliminary" lectures, which are given at an early date and before the regular course is commenced. Henry thought that these lectures must be of great importance to the learner; but ascertained, when such knowledge was worthless, that they were delivered at this early season very much for the same purpose that a fisherman spreads his nets at a particular time of the tide or, as some spiders weave their webs at a certain hour of the day; to wit, that the incautious (medical students in this instance) who should attempt to go beyond, might be caught and feasted upon.

This spare two weeks Henry used in providing himself with a suitable home or boarding place; in procuring the

necessary books, instruments and professors tickets to the regular course of lectures, and in looking at the wonders of the great metropolis.

In due time, the lecture season opened and he, one morning, accompanied by a fellow-boarder and student, who had already attended one course of lectures at this school and was a most knowing young man, went to hear the introductory lecture of a very popular and eloquent professor of the college. Although they were in good season in reaching the building (quite an imposing one) yet, on going into the room where the lecture was to be delivered, they found it already filled to near its entire capacity.

Henry's first impression on catching a full view of the crowded lecture room, termed the *Amphitheatre*, was of a very ludicrous nature. He saw hundreds of grotesquely dressed men wearing long, unkempt hair and beards, most of them holding a huge cane between the knees, sitting in rows on benches arranged in a circular manner, one rising above another. The knees of these people were drawn up in close proximity to their chins and the feet of each rank rested upon the shoulders of that immediately in front of it. Every now and then he would see several duck their heads a little and coolly spit between the shoulders of their respective footstools. Henry could see, on closer inspection, that here and there was a cleanly and respectable looking student, with a face indicating intelligence and refinement; but they were comparatively few in number. Wedged in amongst the proletarian crowd, these polished youths seemed to be bearing with martyr-like patience the unavoid-

able trials that must be endured on the modern highway which leads to medical knowledge.

With the help of his companion, who seemed to know well how to push his way through the world, Henry managed to secure a seat, when he found that the arrangement of the benches was such as to render it necessary for him also to double up and assume the exact posture he had thought so peculiar and ridiculous in others. Had he been a chewer of tobacco, or been addicted to the habit of frequent spitting, as Dickens says all Americans are, since there were no spittoons here provided and no room to use them had there been any, he would have been forced either to discharge the superfluous saliva upon the back of the man in front of him or to have deposited it, by swallowing, in the receptacle prepared for it by nature.

Presently, a smartly dressed professor entered the arena, bowing and smiling blandly, and was received with a tumultuous burst of applause from the students. They seemed to be a jolly and excitable set of fellows, judging from their laughing, shouting, uttering various kinds of cries and thumping on the floor with their canes. The professor seemed to be very much gratified at the compliment implied by this popular outburst and bowed several times during its continuance, while he arranged his notes and took a sip of water preparatory to beginning his oration. But "the boys" were evidently dividing the enjoyment with the doctor for they kept up the racket for some minutes after he had gotten his throat and person into an entire state of readiness for the start.

Finally, the professor began to speak, but Henry at once found that he was too far off to be able to hear distinctly what was said; besides, he was too uncomfortable to think of keeping his attention long fixed on anything other than himself, for his seat was a cramped one and the air of the room was almost stifling. Naturally he fell to dreamily examining his surroundings and to indulging his disappointment at finding both medical school and medical teaching by lectures, so very different from his preconceived ideas. He began to fear that he would never be able to learn anything here, amidst all this discomfort and with this dirty fellows feet resting upon his shoulders.

Would he ever become accustomed to this state of things! He feared not—was doubtful if his physical self, even, would be equal to the requirements of the situation.

Why, thought he, are not these seats differently arranged; and why is not more space given for so large a number? Or, if that is not practicable, why not limit the number of students to the capacity of the lecture rooms? Surely the wealth and popularity of this school, as well as respect for hygienic laws, ought to urge a consideration of these questions. Now, if this was one of the lesser schools of the country, where, as Dr. Catling would say, the professors teach for “glory” alone, any neglect of expenditure towards making the student more comfortable, or towards teaching him to be cleanly and more refined by the forcible suggestions conveyed through decent surroundings, would be no matter of surprise; but for a wealthy institution and a well to do faculty to treat their friends and sup-

porters in this manner—it was perfectly shameful! Maybe, though, reflected Henry, medical students are, as a class, very unlike any other students or human beings; are not susceptible of improvement as to their habits any more than pigs. Then he was reminded that such a comparison had no force at all, for he remembered immediately having read somewhere that pigs were susceptible of much refinement; that in some countries they were kept in small, cleanly cottages styled, in the dialect of those countries, “piggeries,” and were there so educated as to become very well behaved and neat animals. Surely then, a man, though he be a medical student, is capable of being improved in like manner. At this point Henry glanced around the class at his fellows—some of them did look as if they might prove incorrigible, he thought—yet, the effort for their improvement ought to be made, both for the sake of the decent minority and in the interest of the community at large. Henry was much troubled by the prospect of things. He could, he thought, cheerfully sacrifice all the amenities of life, as was required of him here, if it were necessary to do so that he might acquire the secrets of medical science; but would he gain the one by relinquishing the other? He believed not!

Just as he had reached this disagreeable conclusion a louder and longer storm of applause than any since the professor had begun his lecture, interrupted his train of thought and caused him to look around him, when he found that the speaker had concluded his address and the students were making their way from the room. over each

other's heads, or in any other manner that promised a speedy exit. Henry and his companion having escaped from the building proceeded towards their home, one of the small hotels of the city, and on the way our hero mentioned the doubt and dissatisfaction arising from his morning's experience.

"Oh, you'll soon get used to the ways here," said his companion, "and then you'll get along first rate."

"Well, but," objected Henry, "I'll never learn anything—I *won't* be able ever to get near enough to hear what the professor says."

"Oh, you'll have to learn to rush and scrouge if you want to get near enough for that," said the "second course" student, "but," he continued, "I wouldn't try to get near enough to hear, if I were you—you couldn't learn anything if you did—the professor is not the man to learn from; I've found that out, so I don't trouble myself and nearly break my neck to get down to the front benches, like I used to."

"But I can't at all understand how it is I am to learn nothing from the professors," said Henry.

"Why, you just now said!" replied Second Course; "but there are several other reasons—one is that you can't hear them distinctly half of the time, even when you are near to them; another is that the seven of them together go over so many things in a day that you can't take notes, nor remember half, of it, if you tried; and still another reason is, that you are so worn out by the time you've listened to two or three lectures, each an hour long, you don't know, and don't care, what the fourth one is about."

"All very good reasons," said Henry, "but I don't *yet* see how I am to learn anything, if not from the professors."

"Oh, you *aint* 'posted' yet, I see, replied Second Course, with a knowing air. "You mustn't expect to get through on the professor's tickets—you must take a 'quiz ticket' and the 'quizzer' will learn it all to you."

"What 'the dickens' is a 'quiz,' and what's a 'quizzer'?" asked Henry, wearily.

His companion laughed and then answered "Why, a 'quiz' is another name for a daily examination on the branches you hear lectures on, and a 'quizzer' is the examiner. You pay him fifty dollars extra," continued Second Course, "that is, fifty dollars beside what your regular tickets cost, and he examines you about seven times a week—once on all the branches. Of course you have to read up a little in the 'hand books' for the 'quizzer;' but I tell you, he saves you a heap of work by 'posting' you in the answers to all the questions the professors will ask you at the final examination—he knows what they *are*;"* this was accompanied by a nod, a wink and a very shrewd look.

"But," persisted Henry, "I would like to know something more than the answers to a few questions."

"That's all you need to get your diploma," said Second Course; "though you mustn't forget to promise the janitor five dollars if you graduate. All you want," he continued, loquaciously, "is your diploma; then you can learn the rest by experience—you can learn more by *practising on one patient* than you

*See Albert Smith's "Physiology of a Medical Student."

can by forty lectures; so my old preceptor used to tell me."

"Well, but," again urged the dissatisfied Henry, "I don't want merely a diploma. I want to know something of my profession also—and, before I begin to practise. I want to spend some time in a hospital to learn the practical part—then I'm going to study in Europe for a year or two."

"That's all very well," replied Henry's companion; "I would go to Europe too, if I had the money to spare, if for nothing else than to see Paris and the *Grisettes*. But you'll find it no easy matter," continued he, "to get a place as resident in a hospital—there never more than three or four places vacant and there generally about twenty applicants for each place."

"The mischief!" exclaimed Henry, impatiently. "Well," he continued, "I suppose I must take a 'quiz' and pick up all the knowledge I can in that way, or any other, while I am here—but," he asked, "what is the use of taking the professor's tickets at all—why not take the 'quizzers' only?"

"Well," explained S. C. "you've got to take the professor's tickets to get your diploma; you know their names have to be signed to the diploma—then about the 'quizzers;' you know if every student took only 'quiz tickets,' there couldn't be any medical schools and consequently, no 'quizzers'.*"

* Judging from our experience, we assert, without hesitation, that the fresh graduate in medicine is more indebted for what little he knows of his profession to his "Quiz-master,"—"Grinder," as Albert Smith disrespectfully styles him—than to all the lectures he may ever have heard. Moreover, we do not believe that teaching medicine by means of lectures is now, or has at any time been the proper method of imparting such knowledge. We know that it is impudent in us to believe this; but, you know, impudence is a virtue in these days.

This logic was unanswerable, so Henry was silent. He saw that if his companion spoke advisedly there would be no difficulty in getting a diploma here—one was within reach of the humblest capacity; and, on mixing with his fellow-students, he found that a like impression to his own prevailed throughout the school. As a general rule, though, he found that those who were least prepared and did the least amount of studying seemed to be most confident of securing a degree at the expiration of the time usually spent in attendance on lectures; and, in after time, when his day of graduation came, he saw the same honors it had cost him so many hours of toil and care to deserve, conferred in like manner (as if of no value) upon the sluggard and ignoramus.

Indeed this magnificent institution, in its organization, its objects and its products, forcibly reminded Henry of some of the huge manufacturing establishments, which he had visited soon after his arrival, and which were peculiar to this section of country. The trustees and professors, he thought, would represent the stockholders and superintendents; the "quizzers," the operatives; and the students the raw material. The articles produced were generally of a cheap and almost worthless kind, and the object in making them was the acquisition of much money, in the shortest possible time and at the least possible cost and labor to the producers. And this at one of the best schools of the country!

The whole system of medical education was evidently wrong, Henry could now see; but what was the needed reform had then no definite shape in his

mind. In succeeding years he strenuously advocated a system of preparatory medical schools to take the place of both instruction in physicians' offices and the common system of teaching by lecture. Daily recitations would be required of the student in these ideal schools and certificates would be issued to pupils when they had gone through, satisfactorily, a certain course of study. These certificates must then be required of each student seeking a degree in the great medical centres; where the only kind of instruction given would be of a strictly practical character; in anatomy and in medical and surgical diagnosis and treatment; where, instead of the student's wasting his time and money and impairing his health by sitting, six hours daily, in crowded lecture rooms, he could, under the eye of his careful instructor, dissect the human body and examine and prescribe for its numerous ills.

To come back to the present; it is needless to say that Henry was very much disgusted with the system in vogue at his school; but he determined though others neglected their duty toward him, he would not be remiss in duty to himself. He would ply his book now, he resolved, if no other way was found of procuring the coveted knowledge. Others might do as they chose; as for himself, he must have and would get knowledge. With this excellent determination he began his first course of lectures. When he could he took a position in the lecture room near enough to the teacher to hear distinctly what was said and where his attention would not be diverted by the numerous side shows improvised by his idle and weary classmates.

He was, however, prevented from getting these favorable situations by a set of students, styled in the school, "front seat men," who were not ambitious of learning and who took no "quiz tickets" because of the expense; but staked all on the chance of establishing with the professors a reputation for punctual attendance on, and assiduous attention to lectures. To accomplish this they would go at a break neck rate, when the class was changing from one lecture room to another and would join in a lively scramble amongst themselves for a seat on a front bench. He frequently observed some one of this class, who had not been sufficiently muscular or fortunate to get nearer to the speaker than the third tier of benches, sitting very upright and gazing upon the professor with eyes that seemed ready to start from their sockets, in the vain hope of looking so exceedingly interested in what was being said as to attract the lecturer's attention.

Although, as has been shown, Henry had abandoned the hope of acquiring much by attendance on the daily lectures of the regular professors of his school; he still expected to profit greatly by the lectures styled "clinical" which would be delivered at the hospital. But here, too, was he doomed to disappointment, for he found the same conventional arrangement of the lecture room; the same method of teaching and consequent student usages to interfere with and defeat his good intentions.

One day as he sat perched on the topmost bench of the hospital amphitheatre a student named Parvum coming in took a seat beside him. Parvum belonged to that set found in all

large medical schools, described before as "front seat men," therefore, was necessarily much more muscular than intellectual. By some mischance He had lost his favorite position for this lecture. The subject of the discourse that day was Typhoid fever and a man sick of the disease lay on a couch in view of the class. The lecturer would alternately interrogate and examine, physically, the sick man and comment on the various symptoms. Directly he spoke of a sign as an extremely important one, and as distinguishing this fever from the dreaded Typhus. This symptom he described as the "rose colored spots," which make their appearance upon the abdomen usually about the eighth day of the disease.

Said he, at the same time exposing and looking carefully at the patient's abdomen, "I notice that the symptom is well shown in this case."

As he made this remark Henry's neighbor, Parvum, started suddenly up and "craned" forward as if to get a better view of the spots and said to Henry as he looked, "Can you see anything?"

Henry smiled, Parvum knew not why, and the professor, who was something of a humorist, looked towards where Parvum stood and said, "I see some of you have very little idea, as yet, how these spots ought to appear—I observe you are trying to see them from the top benches; as they are but the twelfth of an inch in diameter they are invisible at so great a distance, therefore you can save yourselves, for the present, the trouble of looking further for them."

This created quite a laugh and thumping of canes at Parvum's expense, who being, for once in his life, greatly mortified, turned very red and sank quickly into his seat; yet, he found some comfort in the fact that the professor had noticed his commendable eagerness to see and know. The professor's shaft was, however, of the *boomerang* order, for it rendered very evident the worthless character of the instruction he was imparting to his disciples. Neither the symptoms to which he had called particular attention nor any other symptom could have been appreciated or studied by students within five feet of him; and, had the body in view been one sick of any other fever than Typhoid, or of no fever at all, still would it have answered the professor's purpose quite as well.

The above mentioned incident impressed a remembrance of Parvum upon Henry's mind; and in after years, when the number of medical schools was so increased as to create a demand for professors far greater than the supply, the occurrence was a ready reminiscence on noticing Parvum's name among those of the faculty of one of the minor schools of the country.

Once, in a journey, Henry passed through the city where Parvum's school was, and through curiosity attended one of his lectures. He found his old classmate a fair counterfit of their former masters; but observed that he had not yet corrected some tricks of pronunciation, and a habit of violating the rules and misquoting sentences in the dead languages, peculiar to him in student days. For instance, he would say "infernation" when he

meant "inflammation;" "elec-trolysis," when he meant "electro-lysis;" "simulate," for "simulate;" "ovi," for "ova;" "per via naturalis," for "per vias naturales," etc.

Now, as Parvum is the representative of a class and we know more of him than Henry ever did, we will say something further of his career before consigning him to oblivion.

Of course, Parvum had no difficulty in becoming, for a time, a popular physician, for he owned a trumpet he well knew the use of.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one who knows him better than you.

Orleans. What's he?

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and said he cared not who knew it."

Furthermore, he readily managed to get an unwary local editor under lasting obligation to him (*verbum sat sapienti*) and thus secured a chronicle of all he did—that which was daily better done by others more modest and, professionally, more respectable, though less notorious than himself. But his ambition seemed to lead him more especially to the acquiring of an autocratic position among his professional brethren through the same show of learning and the same devices that had given him power with the multitude.

He grew very oracular in speech and manner—was an active member of medical societies and always had anomalous cases to report at their meetings—such cases, judging from the contradictory symptoms he would mention, as could never, by any possible combination of diseases, have existed; and he would coolly ask the society on such occasions, for some solution of the mystery. He became, too, the editor of a medical journal and would publish the proceedings of his societies therein. His remarks always occupied a conspicuous position in such reports; all his arguments appearing unanswered, therefore, unanswerable. These reports, moreover, made a very remarkable peculiarity of his oratory very conspicuous, which was its great succinctness. What would seem to his auditors a few brief and frequently inelegant utterances, on some point of discussion, they found could not be contained in less than two or three pages of his journal, and that his style of speaking was so condensed they failed to observe, at the time of delivery, the numerous citations of authorities that interspersed his printed remarks—in other words, it appeared they had listened to a very learned discourse without being aware of the fact.

But Dr. Parvum's crowning success was as an essayist. He always selected for his efforts some trite subject—would collect the opinions of all authors on that subject, within easy reach, and would treat the same with great familiarity. After having commented "in a lump," on all these different opinions, and in a style very suspiciously resembling that of the latest writer and authority on his subject, he would sum up by indorsing that most recent writer's views. If any foreign author, whose book had been written or translated into English, alluded to the labors of any American physician or surgeon, in order to deprive such person of all claim to either credit or originality, Parvum endorsed that foreign view; but would, now and then, atone for the apostasy, by styling such American, "our illustrious countryman."

While engaged in writing what was to have been the largest octavo volume ever printed on the subject of Practical Medicine or Practical Surgery—we forget which—Parvum died.

Let us now, after this lengthy digression, go back to Henry. One day as he was returning to his hotel after the morning lectures, which were usually finished by one o'clock, p. m., his attention was attracted to a man who walked in the same direction as himself and some twenty yards in advance of him. It seemed to Henry that there was something familiar in the carriage and appearance of this man as he walked on before.

All have frequently had similar impressions on seeing faces and forms that were in reality strange to them, such is the striking resemblance one man often bears to another where there is no traceable consanguinity—a fact which would seem to argue the truth of the Sacred account of the remote common parentage of man.

As the man walked on, Henry noticed that he was tall and slender, though broad at the shoulders—that his feet were unusually small and that his dress, though soiled as if by a long journey, was of excellent fit and material.

Before long, they came to a point in the street where there was commonly but little passing, and at that moment there was no one save Henry and the stranger, nearer than fifty yards distant. The strangely familiar form was now not above ten paces in advance and Henry had determined to take a glance at the face when he passed, which he saw he must soon do, his gait being more rapid than that of the

stranger. As he was arranging this in his mind, the man stopped a moment, seemed to place one hand under the skirt of his coat, and immediately faced directly towards him. The two were within a few paces of each other. Henry saw that the countenance of the man fronting him was pale and haggard, that his eyes were bloodshot and that he seemed to be intensely excited. In another moment he recognized his friend Wilbur Watson. He stopped in the greatest amazement, while Wilbur, raising his right hand and presenting a pistol, without uttering a word, fired!

He would hide the to be bar sinister on the family escutcheon by a splash of blood.

Henry had a sensation as if molten metal had been poured upon his left shoulder. Before he could speak he saw that Wilbur was going to fire again—he had only time to exclaim, "Wilbur, for God's sake, don't shoot any more! This is cowardly!" when a second report, clear and startling, rang on the air.

A feeling of faintness, of inability to stand, came over Henry; he knew he was seriously wounded, but he could not tell where this second wound was—he sank helplessly to the ground.

When Wilbur saw Henry fall he discontinued firing, returned the pistol to his pocket and walked slowly away.

People hearing the shots, first looked and then came running towards the wounded man. A policeman was hurriedly passing Wilbur to inquire into the matter and, if possible, arrest the guilty party or parties, when Wilbur stopped him, saying, coolly, "I deliver

myself to you—I did the shooting—I will go with you to prison.”

The officer looked greatly surprised and fumbled with his “billy” as if to be ready for resistance; but Wilbur continued, “You need not fear my trying to escape—here is my pistol,” he said, taking the weapon from his pocket and handing it to the policeman—“We will now walk to the station-house, if you please,” he added.

The policeman pointed the way and without taking hold of his prisoner, yet eyeing him keenly and suspiciously now and then, accompanied him to the nearest police-station.

We will now turn to Henry, who, before any aid could reach him, had succeeded, after several efforts, in raising himself into a half sitting posture and with difficulty sustained himself by resting an elbow and hand upon the ground. His breathing was oppressed and every few seconds, with a cough he would bring up a mouthful of blood. His wound was evidently of the chest and through the lung.

One man, of the number that had quickly collected, kneeled down and supporting Henry’s head and shoulders in his arms, asked, in a most humane tone and manner, “Where do you live, young man? We will take you there.”

Henry, between his gasps for breath, told his place of residence, when “Humane” gave a hasty direction to some one in the crowd, he still remaining in a kneeling posture and supporting the wounded man. Very soon, Henry felt himself lifted strongly, but gently into a carriage.

“What a shame and pity for such a fine young man as that to be killed!” said a sympathetic woman in the crowd

as she looked upon the pale but handsome face and manly form of the wounded student.

The carriage was driven slowly and carefully forward and soon reached Henry’s place of abode which was but a few squares distant. Lifting him from the vehicle, as gently as they had lifted him into it, they bore him with great care to his room and placed him on a lounge in a half reclining posture.

Then “Humane” said to him, “I have sent for Dr. Incide; he is a good surgeon and will attend to you properly.”

“You are very kind,” gasped Henry, “I know not how to thank you.”

“Don’t try! Don’t try!” said “Humane,” gently, “Keep quiet, now!” and he was preparing for flight.

But Henry held his sleeve until he could sufficiently recover his breath to say, “I want you to come again—I hope I may live to see you.”

“I will, I will!” said “Humane,” hurriedly, while a tear shone in his eye; and then he slipped away.

Henry, though only a few weeks an inmate of his present home, had become a favorite with the people among whom he lived. The proprietor, the females of the house and even the servants felt much interest in him; therefore, he was in a situation to receive all the kind attention that an enlisted sympathy might prompt.

It was not long before Dr. Incide arrived. He had come in great haste, yet there was no appearance of hurry about him. He was quiet in manner and his eye and hand were steady.

“I am very sorry to see you suffering so,” he said, in a soft yet manly voice, as he placed his finger on Henry’s pulse, that he might see the extent of pros-

tration from "shock" and loss of blood. "I wish to examine your wounds, now," he added in the same gentle tone.

Henry, with difficulty said, "Doctor, I want you to tell me frankly whether I can live or not."

"Yes," assented the doctor, and he began his examination.

Having first ascertained that the shoulder wound was slight, the surgeon carefully noted the point of entrance and exit of the ball through the chest—then he felt his patient's pulse again and examined into the state of his respiration. He next sent an attendant for some chloroform and, as soon as the messenger had gone, he replied to Henry's inquiring look, thus sparing him the labor of speaking.

"Your wounds are not necessarily mortal," he said, "you must not give it up yet—you have one chance in three to get entirely well and sound again."

"That's a slender chance, Doctor," said Henry—"but I do not care—." Then he was obliged to stop to regain his spent breath and did not conclude the sentence.

The doctor saw his patient's breathing was becoming more embarrassed; he feared, from accumulation of blood in the chest; but he remained calm and sat motionless beside the couch, as he waited for the chloroform to be brought.

Presently Henry spoke again, "Doctor," he said, "I may die soon, may I not?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, frankly, "and you may die of hemorrhage now, or of inflammatory trouble a week hence; but I do not think you will."

Henry was silent for awhile, then said, "Doctor, I want to write a few lines while I am able."

"You can do that by and by, not now," said Dr. Incide, kindly.

Henry did not urge his request.

By this time the chloroform was brought. The doctor now placed his patient in such a position that the wound on the back of the chest was exposed, took an instrument case from his pocket and from that a knife and other surgical appliances—carefully concealing his preparations from Henry. Next he arranged a towel in the form of a cone, poured some of the chloroform upon it and placed it over Henry's mouth and nose, keeping two fingers, the while, on his pulse. The patient was soon in a state of half consciousness. Directing a bystander to hold the towel in position, the surgeon took up his knife, enlarged the wound, introduced his finger and enlarged it again. There was a gush of blood—he turned out some clots and the hemorrhage ceased; though the doctor examined further and closely to see if any blood vessel had been cut, which would require closing by ligature. Finding there was none, he now motioned the removal of the towel holding the chloroform, and sprinkled a little water over the wounded man's face. This seemed to rouse him and he soon recovered consciousness.

Henry, by this time, had begun to react from his depressed condition, called by surgeons, 'shock,' and his face assumed a more life-like expression—his surface became warmer and his breathing, although still embarrassed, did not indicate danger of suffocation.

The doctor now applied a simple dressing of cotton wool and a bandage—then he said, "All danger from shock or hemorrhage is passed with you—be

cheerful now—your good constitution and the strict attention you will get, will, I hope, bring you through all coming trouble.” Ordering a sedative potion to be given immediately, he was taking his leave, promising to return soon, when Henry asked him if he might not now try to write the letter of which he had before spoken.

“You are a brave fellow!” said the Doctor, almost affectionately—“will it be a short letter?” he asked. It had occurred to Dr. Incide that this might be a very important letter for the patient to write, and he could not say positively that he would live to be in any better condition for doing it than he now was.

“But a few lines,” replied Henry.

“Cannot some one write for you?” inquired the doctor.

“No; I must write it myself,” answered the wounded man.

“I suppose so,” assented the doctor, with a reluctant manner. “But you must not,” he continued, “exert or excite yourself much—a great deal depends upon your keeping very quiet.”

Having said this, Dr. Incide went quickly from the room.

Pen, ink and paper being brought, Henry, who was resting on his wounded right side, had himself propped up in a half-sitting posture, and began, with much difficulty, to write upon a folio, which one of his fellow-students supported for him. He wrote only a few lines, without the usual complimentary address, as follows:

“I know not how to address you, yet must write to you. I am now lying on what may prove my death-bed—I was shot by Wilbur a few hours ago. I

know not under what delusion he acted. But my object in writing is not to tell you this. You must know that I love you, and I write while I can, to tell you that I will love you as long as I breathe. Farewell—

HENRY GRAVES.

Having finished the letter he asked one of his fellows, several of whom stood sorrowfully around him, to fold and seal it for him. This being done he took it again and wrote the direction—

MISS LOLETA WATSON,

MAGNOL,

Care, Hezekiah Watson, Esq. —

Henry, now, again handed the letter to one of his friends and asked him to see that it was mailed; he also requested this person to write a dispatch to be sent to his family—“My poor Father and Mother!” he moaned, “This will come upon them so unexpectedly.”

His next request was to have the support taken from his shoulders, so that he might rest more comfortably, which being done, he asked to have his medicine given to him as he was in much pain.

When the doctor and Humane called late in the evening he was still alive and resting as quietly as could be expected.

The following notice of the shooting of Henry by Wilbur appeared in the Bulletin, an evening paper of the city.

“A FOUL MURDER!”

“At about fifteen minutes past one o’clock to-day, the neighborhood of — street, between 11th and 12th, was thrown into a state of intense excitement by the enactment of a bloody tragedy of a kind, fortunately, of rare occurrence in our law-abiding commu-

nity. We can give the facts but briefly before going to press.

"It seems that two students in attendance on medical lectures in this city, named, respectively, Groves and Watts, had some irreconcilable quarrel, which caused Watts to arm himself and lie in wait for Groves, with the intention, it is supposed, of demanding satisfaction. As Groves was returning from the morning round of lectures he met Watts at the above-mentioned point. High words were heard to pass between them, but what was said we have been unable to learn. As the two stood facing each other Watts was seen to fall back a few paces and draw a pistol from which he fired two shots, wounding Groves slightly in the shoulder and mortally, it is feared, in the right lung. Groves was in the act of drawing a pistol to return the fire when he received the second wound which disabled him. Watts, supposing Groves to be dead, turned to make his escape, but was arrested by those efficient officers,* McRhow and Schnapp, who lodged him in — street station-house, where he now lies awaiting the result of Groves' injuries.

"Both parties to this terrible affair are, we learn, from the 'South'—that beautiful region, cursed by slavery, feuds and all lawlessness. It is to be hoped that this guilty scion of the 'chivalry' will receive merited punishment for his crime, and that his countrymen will learn from his fate that their peculiar customs will not be tolerated in this latitude any more than their 'peculiar institution'."

XVI.

VERACIOUS DIAGNOSIS.

We left "Old Alberte's" with Wilbur when all was confusion and consternation there. On returning to the sorrow-stricken home, we go first to Aunt Eunice. As soon as she could comprehend the announcement concerning Mr. Watson, made by the little negro, she hurried towards his sitting-room in the greatest possible alarm. On the way, however, she said to the unceremonious little messenger, "Go to Mr. Wilbur's room and tell him what has happened."

Coming to where her brother was, Aunt Eunice found Loleta kneeling and weeping by the side of her father, who still lay upon the easy chair in all the hideousness of an apoplectic seizure. A plethoric, helpless mass of half-dead humanity with its turgid, horrible countenance, its flapping lips and cheeks and its snoring respiration, was all that remained of the robust; active, intelligent man of a few hours ago. Around him stood his faithful servants, a look of stupefying fear upon their faces.

Aunt Eunice approached him, put her frightened face close to his livid and now repulsive visage, and immediately began to weep. "He is dying!" she sobbed. "My poor, dear brother!! Loleta! Loleta!!" she exclaimed, in a wailing tone, "You have done this."

"Do not reproach me, Aunt," plead Loleta, through her tears; "he would not—he understood me—when this happened I was sitting on his knee as when I was a little child. Oh, my dear, dear father!" she sobbed. "Oh Aunt! can nothing be done for him!"

* "You tickle me and I'll tickle you." *Modern version of Golden Rule.*

This recalled Aunt Eunice to the duties of the occasion. "Has not the doctor been sent for?" she asked quickly.

"No!" said Loleta, springing to her feet. "Uncle Ned!" she exclaimed, addressing the aged servant, who was supporting his master's head against the back of the easy chair, "Uncle Ned! send some one for the doctor—tell him to get any one he can—to bring Dr. Catling too, if he is in town!" She, at the same time, relieved Uncle Ned of his position at her father's head, while the old negro went to do her bidding.

"We must lay him down somewhere; here on the lounge," said Aunt Eunice; and, with the aid of the servants, her suggestion was, with difficulty, carried into effect; for the heavy, limp, almost lifeless form, with its limbs falling helplessly about, was an awkward burthen to bear, even to the near at hand couch.

Aunt Eunice, between sorrow and alarm at her brother's terrible condition, forgot her medical lore and, like Loleta and the servants, could but indulge in helpless grief, while awaiting the coming of a physician.

In a short time a young doctor of the city, who the messenger had first found, came in great haste. He examined Mr. Watson; said he had an attack of apoplexy; that the seizure was a very severe one. Then he began to apply remedies.

The messenger who had been sent in search of a physician, found also Dr. Catling—he having returned to the city a few days before. He, too, lost no time in repairing to "Old Alberte's."

Coming into the room where the sick man lay, but not yet looking at him,

he said to the young physician, "What have you here?"

"Apoplexy," replied the young man, briefly, having first saluted Dr. Catling, who was respected and beloved by all the younger members of the profession in Magnol.

"Do you wish me to examine him?" asked Dr. Catling, looking towards the sick man.

"Oh certainly, Doctor!" said the young physician, quickly, "They would not have sent for me but for the emergency—I am very glad you are here to relieve me of this responsibility."

Dr. Catling now approached Mr. Watson. He first examined his pulse; then he asked for a light to be brought nearer, which being done, he looked closely into the eyes, that he might see the state of the pupils. Loleta and the servants, as well as Aunt Eunice watched him eagerly and seemed to feel that he would soon decide whether the patient would live or die. Having finished his examination, he said nothing, merely beckoned to the young physician, and the two left the room. They went no farther than the hall, just outside, when Dr. Catling, turning to the young doctor, asked; "What have you done for him?"

The young man told him, adding, "But I feared it would all be of no use."

"Yes," replied Dr. Catling, in a decided tone, "the brain is too much injured—he will die, and very soon."

"I feared as much from the first," said the young physician.

"We had as well tell the family at once," concluded Dr. Catling, having now gone through the form of a consultation in order to show his consideration for his younger professional brother.

They returned to the sitting-room, when Dr. Catling, as gently as he could, informed Loleta and her Aunt that Mr. Watson's condition was a hopeless one—that he must soon die. All the doctor's characteristic brusqueness was gone; his dislike to Aunt Eunice, even, seemed to have left him, and he showed himself to be, what he really was, a soft-hearted, sympathetic gentleman.

When the sad announcement was made Loleta wept wildly and threw herself on her knees beside the couch on which her father lay; Aunt Eunice cried aloud, and the servants, variously affected by their grief, either stood around shedding silent tears, or sobbing left the room. A moisture dimmed the vision of the young physician and he seemed on the point of losing his self-control; while Dr. Catling cleared his throat savagely two or three times and walked to the farther end of the room.

After the first burst of grief had subsided, Dr. Catling approached Aunt Eunice and inquired for Wilbur; he saw there would soon be great need for a male head to this family and he wished Wilbur to be informed of the fact. Aunt Eunice answered that she did not know—she had sent to his room for him, but he could not be found—one of the servants said he had left the house—he had gone away without knowing his father was ill; therefore, he might spend the night from home, with some friend, as he sometimes did.

The old doctor was a close observer of the human countenance and he saw by Aunt Eunice's face that there was something kept back from him here.

"You have no idea where he can be found?" he asked.

"None in the the world," she replied, "we must wait until he comes back of his own accord, for we do not know where to send for him."

Dr. Catling next addressed the young physician; "We must remain with the family to-night," he said.

Hezekiah Watson, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, died, betwixt midnight and day, on Wednesday and was buried on Thursday afternoon. He went down to the grave mourned by the entire community in which he lived; yet only the male portion of that community took part in his funeral obsequies. Loleta's intimate friends wrapped their virtuous mantles around them, at calumny's bidding, and stood aloof from her. Only Mrs. DeArman and Alice forgot her not in this, her hour of trial and sorrow.

Loleta, though absorbed in her grief, had unconsciously observed this omission on the part of her friends, and had formed some idea of its meaning—she instinctively connected it with the cause of the vividly remembered scene between herself and father on the night of his death.

Aunt Eunice understood this social symptom perfectly—it was nothing more than she had expected, though possibly not so soon, or on such an occasion. She was now, to an unusual degree, reserved and even cold in her manner towards her niece. This behavior Loleta thought she could safely attribute to the same cause that explained the neglect of her friends; but she was proud and contemptuous.

and would make no effort then to undeceive her aunt.

For another fact, however, neither Loleta nor Aunt Eunice could find any satisfactory explanation; that was, the singularly protracted absence of Wilbur. Aunt Eunice, it is true, had some light. She suspected that what she had told her nephew, on the evening she last saw him, had something to do with his sudden departure, now more than a week ago. But why was he away so long! Had he gone in search of Henry Graves, or had he fled the country to escape the disgrace that was at hand! Might he not have laid violent hands upon himself under the load of shame too great for him to bear! These were terrible queries that suggested themselves to her mind.

Loleta, of course, could find no explanation whatever. When she last saw and talked with Wilbur, which was when she left him to go to her father on that fatal evening, he was the same affectionate brother that he had always been, and had evidently, so she thought, left the house in ignorance of the suspicion concerning herself as well as the sudden illness of his father. She had overheard what Aunt Eunice had answered Dr. Catling when he inquired for him, and concluded that her aunt was of the same opinion as herself. She felt very desolate—no mother, no father, no kinsman, nor kinswoman for that, near to offer words of comfort and hope; abandoned by friends, strangely afflicted in body, her character assailed and probably blasted, and he, who had won her early love and who could have averted all this sorrow, proved the very means of bringing the present

troubles upon her, and by his complete silence, seeming, self-confessed, an unprincipled trifler.

But, soon, Loleta's proud, independent spirit began to grow indignant as she thought of the meanness of her numerous friends in giving ear to scandalous reports concerning her, and in deserting her in time of need. This nerved her to bear her sorrows and to look about her for the means of refuting the miserable calumnies that had gone abroad and were now being busily propagated by malicious and cowardly tongues. She thus found occupation for her mind, some distraction from her grief; therefore, some comfort in trying to devise a way to the vindication of her fair name.

However, all her cogitations to that end seemed to be fruitless—no means of release from the false and painful position in which she found herself would come into her mind. "I must have some one to help me think," she finally concluded; but, in her aloneness, to whom could she take her troubles? Not to Aunt Eunice, for she is evidently siding with the world, thought Loleta, and, no doubt, believes it just in its judgment. As for Alice and her mother, they see too little of the people I would reach to be of any service to me.

Dr Catling, the only other friend she had in the world, next came into her mind—he was her only hope she decided. He was, though, the very counsellor she needed—a friend inherited from her mother—an honest, able man, with a profound knowledge of the world—one who had shown sympathy for her when others came not near, for he had called at the house several

times since Mr Watson's death to see if he could in any way serve the family. He had said, Loleta recollected, that if she needed any assistance before Wilbur's return she must not fail to let him know. She determined she would test still farther his friendship—I need medical advice anyway, she reasoned; I have forgotten myself amidst all my troubles. So she sat down one evening and wrote to Dr. Catling asking him to call at "Old Alberte's" during the morning of the next day.

In compliance with this request the doctor came at as early an hour as practicable and found Loleta awaiting his arrival in the unpretending drawing-room of her old-fashioned home. Aunt Eunice was also there, for Loleta had informed her that she had sent for Dr. Catling to consult him in relation to her present strange derangement of health, and desired her presence during the interview. Why she particularly wished her Aunt to be with her on this occasion was, that she might hear what she had to say to the doctor in relation to her social difficulties and know what counsel she received in return for her confidence.

Dr. Catling, having exchanged greetings with the two ladies and made a few kindly inquiries and remarks, became suddenly taciturn, which was an intimation understood by those who knew him, that he was ready now to hear of that concerning which they wished to consult him.

Loleta felt a little uncomfortable at the position in which she was placed and made a considerable pause before beginning to speak. She finally was able to say, in a steady voice and with

her natural frankness of manner, "Doctor, I have sent for you to consult you about myself—my health has been far from good for some time past—you can see that I am not looking like myself." She paused again, but neither the doctor nor Aunt Eunice seemed disposed to say anything, so she continued, "I left Virginia two months ago purposely to see you, but reached Magnol a day or two after you had left town. Since your return I have been in so much trouble as not to be able to give the proper attention to my health."

The doctor listened patiently, as was his custom when the patient was not too irrelevant. He said merely, when Loleta paused a second time, "Tell me what you complain of?"

She then gave him a history of her illness, and described, as well as she could, her present disordered sensations. The doctor, when she had concluded, unhesitatingly put some pointed questions; not indelicate, because necessary and professional. Loleta, with great good sense, answered them without confusion and very promptly—she was not in the least a prude.

Dr. Catling remained silent for some time after receiving an answer to his last inquiry—her case was a curious one to him—many important symptoms that ought to be present in organic disease of as grave a character as was here indicated were absent, and their absence seemed fatal to the patient's claims to chastity. He had heard vague reports, here and there, in relation to Loleta, for which no one was responsible; but he had given no heed to them, for he heartily despised both scandal and scandal-mongers. Though the history of this case, the

symptoms and appearance of the patient plainly showed him that here was abundant material from which a scandal of the very highest order might readily be made—of the highest order, because apparently founded on fact; therefore, a most dangerous order of scandal.

Aunt Eunice, who had been an attentive observer and listener since the examination began, still held her tongue, most unaccountably, during the present pause; she contented herself with narrowly watching the doctor as he sat, for a few moments, with his head bent down and evidently in deep thought. Her eyes sought to read his thoughts as he lifted his face again, but she could make nothing of the expression she found there. It indicated only that the doctor had formed a resolution—shown by the compressed lip and the fixed lines of the face.

His thoughts had run very much as follows; I feel a very deep interest in this girl; I know from her ancestry, her education and her present conduct that she must be without reproach; yet, there are many ugly circumstances in the stories I have heard, and uglier symptoms here to throw discredit upon her character. I am determined to know the truth beyond a doubt; it is a duty I owe to her dead parents. I will investigate her condition by the most extreme methods ever employed in my science. This was the resolution formed within, of which Aunt Eunice had seen the evidence on his countenance.

It will be remembered that Loleta had been subjected by Dr. Klinepille to a most searching examination after the Homœopathic or Hahnemannian method, which considers alone exter-

nal symptoms and ignores the various other means of investigating disorders of the human body, discovered and perfected by the school of regular physicians—that school which Hahnemann affected to despise and which he sometimes styled *the mongrel sect*. Fortunate Loleta! He that is the physician of your choice depends not on symptoms alone, as did the Homœopath, to determine your condition. Your Doctor Catling believes that symptoms, in thousands of instances, speak falsehoods by their dumb show; are therefore utterly unworthy of confidence. He so doubts symptoms that he proposes to discard their evidence altogether, and prove, if possible, in your case that the truth is the very opposite of what they indicate. To do this he will resort to the expedient first employed by that arch enemy to Homœopathy, the great Professor Simpson of Edinburgh. He will use that great man's greatest discovery—he will use *Chloroform!**

Dr. Catling broke the silence in which the group had remained for several minutes, by speaking to Aunt Eunice. He said, "Before I can tell exactly what is the matter with Loleta (he had called her Loleta from her childhood) it will be necessary to place her under the influence of chloroform."

Aunt Eunice showed some alarm at this proposition and felt rebellious, but she managed to say only, "Yes, Doctor?" in an interrogative tone, while Dr. Catling continued; "To give it safely and conveniently a change to a looser dress will be required and she must

* The Author means only that to Professor Simpson is due the honor of causing the medical profession to use Chloroform as an Anæsthetic.

rest upon a couch or bed while inhaling it."

Without protest and in silence Aunt Eunice arose from her seat and was leaving the room with the intention of making the needed preparation for the doctor's reception in Loleta's chamber, when the last mentioned person said, "Aunt, please wait a moment!"

Aunt Eunice stood still and looked inquiringly at her niece, who, turning to Dr Catling continued, "Doctor, I did not send for you merely to consult you about my health—I have another and greater trouble than mere bodily sickness, of which I wish to tell you; you are the only friend I have in the world who can counsel and help me." Here she paused.

The doctor cleared his throat sharply and waited for her to go on; while Aunt Eunice looked curious and much surprised.

"Doctor, continued Loleta, with a slight quiver in her voice, "you know I have been a wilful, wild, careless girl. I have not thought until it was too late what my occasional violations of strict propriety might give unprincipled people an opportunity of saying. 'They could not, however, have injured me,' she continued, "on account of any conduct of mine had not my unfortunate illness furnished them with certain facts which I now know might make their slanders seem plausible. I am satisfied they have learned something of the private affairs of our family; but how, I cannot tell; I only know that such people are not at all particular about the source from which news comes."

Loleta was going to say more, but Dr. Catling stopped her—"Say no more my child!" he said, "I have heard of

all this and have thought it over. I will do all I can for you." It might have been that the doctor's eyes were a little rheumy from age, but something very like a tear glistened in them as he finished speaking.

Loleta had unconsciously risen to her feet while addressing the doctor; her face was very pale save a bright red spot on either cheek; she was excited and indignant, but her manner changed immediately, when the doctor spoke so kindly and father-like to her, and her eyes filled with grateful tears. "Oh, thank you Doctor!" she said earnestly, "I knew you would help me."

"My poor child," said Aunt Eunice, softened, "I fear there is no help for you."

"There is! I am determined they shall recognize me!" exclaimed Loleta passionately; "And you, Aunt, shall see how badly you have behaved towards me in siding against me!"

Hard is it, indeed, to distinguish between the confident manner of conscious guilt and that of injured innocence.

Aunt Eunice quailed before the honest and again indignant countenance of her niece, and turning away she walked towards the door and out of the room; thus concealing her rising anger caused by Loleta's words. Dr. Catling remained grave and silent, and Loleta, quieting her agitation, "said "We will not keep you waiting long, Doctor"—then followed her aunt.

Very soon a servant summoned the doctor to the bedchamber. When he entered the room he found Loleta lying upon a lounge attired in a simple white gown.

She was very beautiful. Her wonderful hair had been loosed from its fastenings and hung, in black and glossy profusion about her face and over her pillow. Her delicately cut and well proportioned Grecian features, though somewhat sharpened by suffering, had lost none of their harmony. The slightly heightened color, due to maidenly modesty, gave a richer tint to the *brun* of her complexion, and her large lustrous eyes shone in starlike splendor save when shut, now and then, from view by the long, graceful lashes. What a beautiful casket to be regarded by the world as only "a whited sepulchre!"

Aunt Eunice stood with arms folded and looked out at a window. Dr. Catling lost no time in making other necessary preparations for the examination. A servant brought to him from his buggy a tin case from which he took a piece of sponge, also a small bottle, containing chloroform. Folding a towel into a convenient form, he placed the sponge therein and poured upon it from the bottle some of the strangely pungent and fragrant liquid. He next held the cone over Loleta's face.

After taking several long inspirations, according to the doctor's directions, she began to struggle and show marked symptoms of convulsions, but the doctor seemed not in the least perturbed at this alarming manifestation. He coolly bade Aunt Eunice to control her movements and, keeping his finger on the pulse as well as he could, went steadily forward with the administration of the powerful anæsthetic. Aunt Eunice, however, showed

some alarm; and asked, "Be it right to give her any more, Doctor?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Catling, calmly; these convulsive movements are evidence that she will bear chloroform well."

Aunt Eunice's confidence was soon restored, for she saw that Loleta was growing more quiet and, that straightway she slept heavily under the influence of the potent spell. The doctor now removed the towel from the sleeper's face and, placing his hand upon her form, over that portion of the body known to anatomists as the abdomen, he pressed firmly, yet gently, downwards, for a few seconds. All his five senses seemed concentrated at the points of his fingers, if we might judge from the profound, eager intentness of his countenance, as he went through this manipulation. Then his face relaxed and assumed a most cheerful expression. As he removed his hand from his patient, he said, with his old abruptness, of manner, "Just as I suspected!"

"What did you suspect, Doctor?" asked Aunt Eunice, eagerly.

"That she's the best slandered woman I ever saw," he replied.

"Well, Doctor! I *du* declare! I can *scureely* believe it! What a *wonderful* medicine!" exclaimed Aunt Eunice, in an under tone.

"*Very* wonderful—your Homœopaths don't make discoveries like that," said he, dryly. Then he began to sprinkle water on Loleta's face to arouse her.

Aunt Eunice, who by this time was enabled to see further into the doctor's character than ever before, detected that kindness, truth and manliness

peculiar to him, and at once, and for life, gave him her respect and esteem; therefore she did not resent the doctor's stab at her favorite medical sect. On the contrary; with the facts there before her, she abandoned Homœopathy forever. Like all fanatics, when they have followed their delusion to some absurd development, she was now ready to go to as great an extreme in an opposite direction,—to exemplify, like the fanatics or "radicals" of the United States, who, having finished a successful crusade against aristocracy in the slave-holding states, hesitate not to abandon their agrarian ideas and try to become aristocrats themselves.

She replied to the doctor, "I'm Homœopathist no longer—you have converted me—Dr. Klinepille put me wrong—you put me right!" Aunt Eunice said this with an air of firm conviction.

"Thank you!" returned the doctor, good humoredly, "*For once* I'm ahead of Klinepille." Here he renewed his efforts to arouse his patient, who was still unconscious, by sprinkling more cold water upon her face and wiping it off with a moistened towel.

After moving on the couch uneasily for awhile and occasionally murmuring something indistinctly, Loleta opened her eyes and in a few minutes more was thoroughly awake. "Oh Doctor!" she said softly and a little sleepily, "The chloroform caused me to have such a strange sensation, I felt as if I might be dying, as if the breath was gradually leaving my body; though, I had no feeling of suffocation. Finally my breath was taken away and I remember nothing more."

"Yes, the effect is very remarkable," answered the doctor, in an absent sort of way, as he returned the articles he had been using to their place in the little tin case. "Well," he said suddenly, "I've no time to talk this morning, I'll call again to-morrow."

Loleta looked wishfully at him, as if she would like to know the result of the examination to which she had just been subjected; but she managed to keep back the expression of the wish. "I suppose we must not keep you any longer," she said; "but, Doctor, please be sure to come early to-morrow."

"Yes, I will," replied Dr. Catling, as he hurried away.

But Aunt Eunice pursued and overtook him in the front hall. "Doctor," she said, coming up to him; a little out of breath, "You haven't said *what* be the matter with Loleta."

The doctor seemed to collect his thoughts, for a moment, then answered, "No, I forgot that—we doctors have a long name for it—*Pseudo-cyesis*, we call it—spurious pregnancy, in plain English." He made this announcement quite bluntly, then added with a slight smile "The disease causes some very ridiculous mistakes with matrons sometimes."

Aunt Eunice was a little confused, yet spoke again; her curiosity was excited beyond control; she could not resist the desire to gratify it. "Doctor," she asked, "what causes such a disease?"

"That's a hard question," he answered; "some disordered state of the nervous system which we cannot explain—prolonged depression of spirits, from any cause, and consequent ill health, might give rise to it."

"But," persisted Aunt Eunice, "can it be cured, Doctor?"

"Oh yes; I'll tell you about that another time," replied the doctor, as he tore himself away.

Dr. Catling had made the promised morning visit to Loleta on the day following and had given her full instructions as to the proper course to be pursued for the recovery of both health and reputation.

As a specimen of the mixed medical and social character of his directions, take the following: "You must go as much into the open air as possible; you and your aunt must take daily morning drives and long walks in the evening. You must have also some tonic medicine; I will send it to you. You ought to be seen in public as much as will be appropriate under the circumstances—two or three times a week, say—and at church on Sundays. This will give you plenty of fresh air and change of scene, and show that you are not *obliged* to be confined to the house for any cause—your health will soon be restored. As for the balance, my wife returned from up the country on yesterday—she and several others will send letters of condolence in a day or two. I think all will come around right eventually. You must be as cheerful as you can, though, and by the time it will be proper for you to go again into society there will be no bar to your doing so."

Matters were in this hopeful condition two weeks after Mr. Watson's death, and Loleta's load of sorrow was much lightened now that she felt assured no reproach would rest, through her, upon the name of her dear dead father. Evidence of this she had daily

in the friendly recognition of many acquaintances who had recently avoided, or spoken to her coldly; beside, she received many kind letters from friends of the family. Dr. Catling had truly accomplished a wonder—he had regained a woman's lost reputation for her.

Had Wilbur been at hand to comfort her, she could have borne her burthens cheerfully, and her health would have been much more rapidly restored. As it was, Wilbur's absence had become a source of great trouble to her and kept her continually in a depressed state of mind. She had learned the particulars of Aunt Eunice's last interview with her brother and she imagined many evils that might result from the state of mind in which he would naturally be placed by what he had then heard. In this state of wearing suspense, the letter from Henry reached her, having been sent from the city by a gentleman once in the employ of Mr. Watson and now engaged in arranging the affairs of the deceased.

Loleta had, in the social intercourse of the past season, frequently received billets from Henry and, as she then felt much more than an ordinary interest in the writer, she had noticed closely the turn he gave to each letter and the little flourishes he usually made in tracing her name upon an envelope. She was therefore perfectly familiar with the writing before her, and knew from whom this letter came without breaking the seal. The writer's physical condition could not destroy the character of his handwriting. She paused long before opening the letter, her hand being stayed by the strong and conflicting emotions within her.

Love, hope, doubt, fear, controlled her in turn. She trembled violently as she turned the missive over and over in her hand, looked at the postmark, and then unsteadily broke the seal. The body of the letter was not so distinctly written as was the direction, yet she could read the contents readily. She looked aghast and ceased to tremble. Unutterable woe was portrayed in her countenance as she finished the reading. She hid her bloodless face in her hands, bowed her form and then sat stock still, while a piteous moan escaped from her. The cup of bitterness was full; she turned to the only source of help. She prayed "God have mercy on them and me!" Her prayer was answered—hope took possession of her. He might recover! Wilbur, too would then be safe! Thank God for the hope! She started up excitedly and hurried to her aunt's room. She met the startled gaze of Aunt Eunice without noticing it, as she thrust Henry's letter towards her. "We must go to Dr. Catling immediately, Aunt!" was all she said.



XVII.

TERMINUS.

A prolonged cry from a steam whistle, and a sound like the roar of a coming tempest announced the near approach of the through express train from the northward to Magnol. It was early in December—a month later than the closing of the last chapter—and the morning was of the brightest and mildest peculiar to this season and to this climate. Around and within the extensive open building, called the "Passenger Depot," stood a throng of

people and a long line of hacks, baggage-wagons, omnibuses, etc., was ranged beyond the low fence that barred their nearer approach to the traveller's landing place. Now, a sharp peremptory cry from the whistle, a whirring sound as the brakes are screwed down, and the demon-like steed, hissing, panting, steaming, followed by his lengthened train, comes slowly to a halt within the depot.

"Howdy, Mars. Wilbur! Mars. Doctor! Mars. Graves!" cried old Ned as he stood upon the platform, bowing and smiling, with his hat off, while the three persons mentioned descended in succession from the sleeping car.

Wilbur looked very sad as he shook hands with the old negro, for he was forcibly reminded of the death of his father by seeing the long weed old Ned wore upon his smart, black hat. But a cheerful smile adorned the old patrician face of Dr. Catling, and he was more active and nervous in his movements than usual. Henry was still quite pale and his countenance bore evidence of the terrible struggle for life through which he had just passed; yet, his eye was bright, his form erect and his step elastic, showing that he possessed in a marked degree that buoyancy and recuperative energy, which is peculiar to youth.

"How are all at home Uncle Ned?" inquired Wilbur.

"Dey's all well, sir," answered Ned. "Mis. Leta's most 'stracted to see you—de carriage out dis way, sir—bin watin more'n a hour for you," continued the old servant as he led the way to the carriage, which he had left in charge of his youngest son a few moments before.

The whole party followed Ned, and, when the carriage arrived. Wilbur, as they passed through the crowd, they exchanged many brief, but cordial, greetings with their friends and acquaintances. They were not long in reaching the waiting vehicle, and were soon all snugly seated therein. "Must I drive straight home, Mas. Wilbur?" asked old Ned, as he stood with the carriage door in his hand ready to close it.

"No, to Dr. Catling's first," answered Wilbur, and the door was closed with a bang. Then Wilbur turned quickly to Henry and said, "Graves, you know it was decided that you were to stay with me until you started for home."

A slight flush came over Henry's face as Wilbur said this, but he offered no objection.

They were soon before Dr. Catling's residence and the two young men, with looks and tones of affection and gratitude, bade the old gentleman good day. And we, at parting with him, lift our hat and say, Farewell! thou fair exemplar of

"Men who suppress their feelings, but who feel
The painful symptoms they delight to heal;
Patient in all their trials, they sustain
The starts of passion, the reproach of pain;
With hearts affected, but with looks serene,
Intent they wait through all the solemn scene;
Glad if a hope should rise from nature's strife,
To aid their skill and save the lingering life;
But this must virtue's generous effort be,
And spring from nobler motives than a fee:
To the physician of the soul, and *these*
Turn the distressed for safety, hope and ease."

The magnificent pair of horses, as if inspirited by the bright sunshine and the pleasant air of the morning, went gaily along the highway with their burthen and quickly reached the front gateway to "Old Alberte's." Aunt Eunice and Loleta were coming towards the gate, along the white shelled walk.

when the carriage arrived. Wilbur, seeing them, burst open the door and escaped from the vehicle without waiting for old Ned's ready assistance. Throwing open the gate and with his travelling shawl trailing from his shoulder to the ground he went quickly towards his sister and aunt, and was soon wound in their embrace. They clung to him and silently wept for several minutes.

Henry had kept his seat in the carriage not wishing either to intrude upon or witness this meeting, and his heart was beating tumultuously as he awaited the proper time to discover himself. Directly, while he was studiously looking in an opposite direction in order to be certain not to see what was going on in the walk, Wilbur called him in a subdued voice. "Come in, Graves, come in!" he said.

Henry alighted from the carriage and approached the group. Loleta came gracefully forward to meet him. Her eyes were still wet with tears and a blush was on her cheek. Extending her hand, she said, earnestly, "Oh, Mr. Graves, I'm so glad to see you!"

"And I am most happy to return!" replied Henry, as he took the little hand extended to him and involuntarily pressed it in his own, while he blushed like a timid school-girl.

"So be I glad to see you!" said Aunt Eunice, bustling up to Henry and giving him her hand—her eyes full of tears and a childlike smile upon her face.

* * * * *

Fourteen months have gone by and Henry again journeys southward. By a

premature examination, granted to him by the faculty in consideration of a verbal recommendation, as to proficiency, from all his quiz masters; he bears with him the degree of "Doctor of Medicine" from one of the best schools of his country.

Six weeks pass rapidly away and the following announcement appears in the "Magnol Daily Herald."

"MARRIED—Near this city, on the morning of the 9th inst., by the Rev. Milner, Miss LOLETA WATSON, only

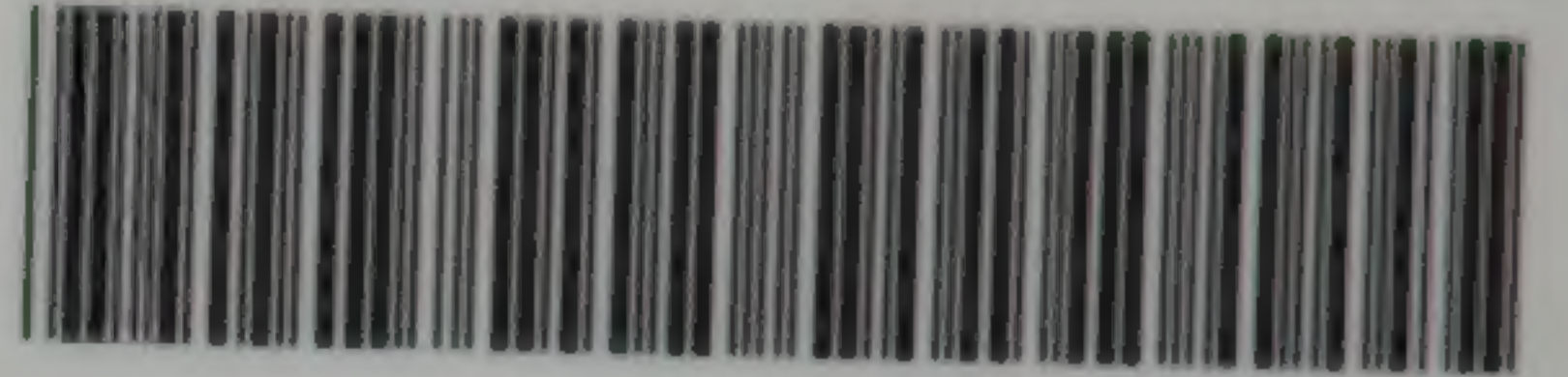
daughter of the late Hezekiah Watson, Esq., to Dr. HENRY GRAVES, of Warlock. No cards.

At the same time and place, Miss ALICE, only daughter of the late Walter DeArman, to Mr. WILBUR WATSON, all of this city. No cards.

The happy and favored couples, we learn, left immediately after the ceremony, for New York, where they will take the steamer for Europe, with the intention of remaining a year or more abroad. We, in common with a host of friends, wish them all happiness and God-speed."

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